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COMMON PRAISE.

COMMON PRAISE;

Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,

FOR

USE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—EPH. v. 19.

Twelfth Edition.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BOOK SOCIETY,
11 ADAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

1893.

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BISHOP LIGHTFOOT

ON COLOSSIANS iii. 16.

"THE leading idea of ψαλμός (Psalm) is a musical accompaniment, that of ὕμνος (hymn) praise to God: ᾠδή is the general word for a song, whether accompanied or not, whether of praise or on any other subject . . . In the text the reference in ψαλμοῖς is especially, though not exclusively, to the Psalms of David, which would early form part of the religious worship of the Christians; ὕμνοις would more appropriately designate hymns of praise composed by the Christians themselves on distinctly Christian themes. The third word gathers up the other two, and extends the precept to all forms of song, with the limitation, however, that they must be *spiritual*."

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In bringing out a second five-thousand of "Common Praise," the first issue having been already exhausted, it is necessary to note the differences—neither numerous nor substantial—between the two editions.

Only one Hymn has been removed from the collection, viz., No. 456, "Blest to the dear uniting love," for which has been substituted "Blest be the tie that binds."

Hymn 434, "Yes—'tis a rough and thorny road," was found to be almost identical with No. 682, "Though rough and thorny be the road"; the former has therefore been replaced by another suitable Hymn—"Yon shining shore is nearer."

A Doxology has been added to Psalm 150: and in Hymns 122, 282, 304, 381, 424, 425, 428, 455, 514, and 681, verses have been omitted, substituted, or added.

Such other alterations as may be found in this edition are purely verbal, and have for their object the proper adjustment of the accents and number of syllables, in order that as far as possible the several verses of one and the same Hymn may be made consistent in all respects, and may thereby become practically available for congregational use; it being obvious that a succession of verses varying in the position of their accents and the number of their syllables, may be perfectly in accordance with the rules of Prosody, but at the same time incapable of being sung to an ordinary congregational hymn-tune, which is repeated for each verse without alteration, and is therefore unvarying in the posi-

tion of its accents and the number of its notes.

It has been felt, nevertheless, that an Author's wishes (whether expressed, or only inferred from his work) are entitled to the utmost possible respect; and on this ground some proposed emendations have been reluctantly abandoned.

The Compilers have much pleasure in acknowledging the kind co-operation of Mr. Arthur H. D. Prendergast, a gentleman of recognised musical ability, by whom all these alterations have been suggested or considered.

In conclusion, it may be well to mention that *no alteration whatever* has been made in the numbering of the Psalms or Hymns.

December, 1880.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS book of Common Praise will be found both comprehensive and exclusive. It contains a large number of the best classical and popular compositions, expressing the spiritual teaching of the Reformed Church of England. Whatever was not in accordance with this has been excluded.

In compiling it the Editors have set before themselves, as a model, the Book of Common Prayer. They have followed, as closely as possible, the order of sacred *thought* with which the Church has become familiar, and have borne in mind that the whole scope and tendency of our Liturgy is to raise our minds to a holy and

heavenly state, and build us up, upon our Lord Jesus Christ, as the only foundation of a sinner's hope.

"It is one of the highest excellences of our Liturgy that it is calculated to make us wise, intelligent, and sober Christians. It affects and inspires a meek, humble, sober piety, equally remote from the coldness of the formalist, the self-importance of the dogmatist, and the unhallowed fervour of the enthusiast. A tender seriousness, a meek devotion, and a humble joy are the qualities it was intended to produce." *

The Compilers have earnestly desired that these pages should exhibit the same "spirituality and purity," the same "fulness and suitableness," the same "moderation and candour" as the Liturgy of the Church of England.

* Simeon on the Liturgy, p. 67, Ed. 1812.

shrink from using in the public assembly, or placing in the hands of all their household.

May God look with favour on this effort to glorify His holy Name, and make the book a blessing to those who use it.

The Compilers cannot close this Preface without an expression of devout thankfulness to Almighty God who has been pleased, within recent years, to enable many writers to express in new Hymns and Spiritual Songs the varied experience of the Christian life, thus increasing the rich inheritance of His Church. Such hymns are a blessing from God. It is God who thus enables the Children of Zion, from time to time, to "make new melody in their hearts to the Lord."

Many owners of copyright hymns have most readily consented to the use of their composi-

tions. In any case in which, in this edition, express reference to the author may have been inadvertently omitted, the Compilers hope they may be excused. They will gladly receive any notice of such omissions, and will rectify the error in the next issue.

The Compilers have to acknowledge with thanks the permission which has been kindly granted by the following owners of copyright to insert such of their hymns as appear in this collection. The authors' names are given in the Index.

Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Lincoln
Very Rev. Dean Bagot
Rev. Canon Bell, M.A.
Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A.
Rev. Professor T. R. Birks, M.A.
Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.
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Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

July, 1879.

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HYMNS

APPROPRIATE FOR PARTICULAR SUNDAYS.

The following Tables may afford some assistance to Clergymen in selecting suitable hymns for the Sundays throughout the year.

Hymns for the Holy Communion and other special seasons (*e.g.*, Harvest) could not be included in a general table, but will be found under the particular heading.

First Sunday in Advent .	142	230	731	146	148	760	147
Second ,, ,, .	126	151	133	138	134	125	491
Third ,, ,, .	145	370	139	152	150	144	141
Fourth ,, ,, .	728	397	406	409	362	411	399
Christmas Day .	158	163	159	160	161	157	165
First Sunday after Christmas	615	156	324	336	329	89	338
Second ,, ,, .	328	432	75	704	326	714	707
Epiphany .	178	171	177	487	174	502	486
First Sunday after Epiphany	7	87	337	771	92	336	740
Second ,, ,, .	122	99	485	98	109	51	101
Third ,, ,, .	113	381	77	172	45	484	541
Fourth ,, ,, .	559	289	440	719	260	169	257
Fifth ,, ,, .	494	368	288	558	718	261	16
Sixth ,, ,, .	372	296	285	716	403	376	752
Septuagesima .	295	717	197	610	88	608	756
Sexagesima .	184	435	180	387	124	373	123
Quinquagesima .	183	613	457	389	733	732	458
Ash Wednesday .	182	189	188	621	624	738	759
First Sunday in Lent .	181	185	614	588	616	601	587
Second ,, ,, .	39	187	117	586	660	648	585
Third ,, ,, .	43	112	667	584	598	606	612
Fourth ,, ,, .	49	626	592	104	42	365	602
Fifth ,, ,, .	46	590	384	594	47	392	431
Sixth ,, ,, .	48	604	196	195	106	200	199
Good Friday .	202	204	209	206	212	213	208
Easter Day .	222	220	216	221	214	217	219
First Sunday after Easter .	36	602	647	652	38	640	48

HYMNS APPROPRIATE FOR PARTICULAR SUNDAYS.

Second Sunday after Easter	37	635	669	676	50	605	603
Third " " .	40	651	401	673	41	646	674
Fourth " " .	24	170	168	618	622	631	757
Fifth " " .	35	645	683	643	92	623	471
Ascension Day .	225	223	227	231	233	226	224
Sunday after Ascension Day	31	534	532	537	34	531	819
Whit Sunday .	234	245	249	236	238	250	252
Trinity Sunday .	256	259	253	258	254	714	255
First Sunday after Trinity .	720	711	725	431	393	715	723
Second " " .	241	410	409	240	242	426	437
Third " " .	425	606	619	539	384	530	481
Fourth " " .	82	100	103	108	85	83	382
Fifth " " .	57	565	545	468	742	599	741
Sixth " " .	721	734	544	287	239	427	477
Seventh " " .	724	650	207	251	547	478	11
Eighth " " .	8	627	737	764	736	462	12
Ninth " " .	6	386	391	55	743	550	442
Tenth " " .	701	596	566	480	549	463	17
Eleventh " .	2	572	203	393	636	473	435
Twelfth " " .	9	409	84	44	81	58	442
Thirteenth " .	22	383	371	95	407	67	97
Fourteenth " .	398	390	722	107	63	86	32
Fifteenth " .	5	395	407	176	119	64	127
Sixteenth " .	419	294	357	149	93	235	348
Seventeenth " .	23	579	527	470	232	363	479
Eighteenth " .	26	650	577	424	111	412	481
Nineteenth " .	664	633	94	578	65	237	541
Twentieth " .	27	671	691	628	746	69	698
Twenty-first " .	29	529	420	535	80	66	74
Twenty-second " .	543	434	556	593	70	361	542
Twenty-third " .	28	580	533	617	121	72	441
Twenty-fourth " .	33	670	619	668	679	201	447
Twenty-fifth " .	36	675	660	702	694	243	497
Twenty-sixth " .	120	672	656	695	681	239	438

PSALMS.

1

C M

1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

8

L M

1 O GOD! how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And strengthens nature's wearied powers.

3 Thine arm sustained us while we slept,
Else had our eyelids closed in death;
Our life in safety still is kept,
And still we draw our wonted breath.

4 We yield our life to Thy command;
To Thee we consecrate our days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

5 C.M.

1 LORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oft to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

4 Oh! may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

5 All those who love and fear Thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.

9 C.M.

1 TO celebrate Thy praise, O Lord!
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to Thy name, O Thou most High!
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 All those who have His goodness proved
  Will in His truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
  That on His help relied.

4 His suffering saints, when most distressed,
  He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation shall be crowned,
  Though for a time delayed.

5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
  From Zion, His abode;
Proclaim His deeds till all the world
  Confess no other God.

11

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 MY trust is in the Lord,
  What foe can injure me?
Why bid me, like a bird
  Before the fowler, flee?
The Lord is on His heavenly throne
Omnipotent to saveHis own.

2 The wicked may assail,
  The tempter sorely try;
All earth's foundations fail,
  All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in His holy shrine,
And I am strong, while He is mine.

3 His flock to Him is dear,
  He guards them from on high;
He sends them trials here,
  To fit them for the sky:
But safely will He tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest of His sheep.

4 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But, ah! the hour is near,
When all their hopes must fail;
While like the sun His saints shall rise,
And shine with Him above the skies.

14

7, 6, 7, 6.

1 OH! that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord! in pity:
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see:
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

17

L.M.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

18 S.M.

1 O GOD of truth and grace,
My Saviour and my Guide!
Be with me in my earthly race,
And lead me to Thy side.

2 Strength to the weak Thou art!
Oh! send me health divine;
And on my feeble, sinking heart
With beams of mercy shine.

3 Thy way is good and just,
Thy word is tried and true:
Ye tremblers in your Saviour trust
His arm will bear you through.

4 He lives! for ever blest,
My Rock and Refuge He!
He lives! to give His people rest;
He lives! to rescue me.

19 L.M.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
In every star Thy wisdom shines:
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess,
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven!

23 C.M.

1 THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to His endless praise,
Instructs with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

3 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

4 Since God does thus His wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend.

24 C.M.

1 ERECT your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory; see, He comes
With His celestial train!

2 Who is this King of Glory? who?
The Lord, for strength renowned:
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal victor crowned.

3 Erect your heads, ye gates! unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see, He comes
With all His shining train!

4 Who is this King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

25 S.M.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.

2 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

3 Oh! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

4 With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

32 L.M.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man from whom the Lord
Doth all his load of shame remove;
Who claims no merit or reward,
But rests upon his Saviour's love.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
His ransomed soul, renewed by grace,
With beams of heavenly lustre shines.

33 C.M.

1 LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crowned.

3 By His almighty word at first,
The heavenly arch was reared,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appeared.

4 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.

5 How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom He from all the world besides
Has chosen for His own!

6 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord!
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wish
On Thee alone depend.

34 C.M.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me;
With me exalt His name:
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

5 Oh! make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!

6 Fear Him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

42 C.M.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God! for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God! the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength! how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

45 L.M.

1 MY heart its noblest theme has found!
O Thou! with royal splendour crowned,
Messiah! taught Thy power to know,
How shall my mouth with praise o'erflow!

2 Hail! fairer than the sons of men!
Grace on Thy lips and beauty reign;
These speak Thee honoured from above,
And blest with God's eternal love.

3 Hail, Thou whom nations own their Lord!
Gird on Thy thigh Thy glittering sword!
By mercy, truth, and justice led,
Ride glorious on, Thy conquests spread!

46 L.M.

1 GOD is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsion shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against each threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power

47 S.M.

1 THOU art gone up on high,
O Christ, our glorious King!
And all the armies of the sky
Thy praise perpetual sing.

2 Thou art gone up on high,
And on the Father's throne
Art crowned with endless majesty,
In power and love unknown.

3 The Lord the Saviour reigns,
Victorious o'er the grave:
His arm a sinking world sustains,
Omnipotent to save.

4 Princes, the shields of earth,
To Him your offerings bring;
Let all the lands with sacred mirth
Adore the eternal King.

48 S.M.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great!
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 The temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress:
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

51 L.M.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 Behold! I fall before Thy face;
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

5 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

6 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song!
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

61 S.M.

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.

2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head:
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord!
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
And I shall through eternal years
Thy wondrous love proclaim.

63 L.M

1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone!
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God:
Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself Thy love,
More dear than all besides to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared to Thee?

5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercies I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

65 L.M.

1 PRAISE, Lord! for Thee in Zion waits,
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates:
All flesh shall to Thy courts repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail:
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
Oh! Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend!

3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How sweetly kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all on earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

6 Lord! on our souls Thy spirit pour,
Light, beauty, peace, and joy restore:
Oh! let Thy love our springtide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee!

67 S.M.

1 TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

4 Oh! let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

71 C.M.

1 MY Saviour! my Almighty Friend!
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
  Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy grace at first,
  I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
  Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in Thy strength,
  To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
  Beneath the load of sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
  And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
  The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
  Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
  With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
  Nor think the season long.

72

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
  Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
  His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
  To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
  Spring in His path to birth.

Before Him on the mountains
  Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
  From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
  To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see.
With offerings of devotion
  Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing.
For Him shall prayer unceasing,
  And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
  A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
  He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
  All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
  That name to us is Love.

73 C.M.

1 WHOM have we, Lord! in heaven, but Thee?
  And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succour shall we flee,
  Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
  Our promised bliss above;
In heaven and earth we nought can know
  So precious as Thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord! shall fail,
  Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
  And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes, Thou, our only guide through life,
  Wilt health and strength supply,
Support us in death's fearful strife,
  And welcome us on high.

84 C.M.

1 O GOD of hosts! the mighty Lord,
  How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
  The brightness of Thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
  To view Thy blest abode;
My heart and flesh cry out for Thee—
  For Thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
  Their sure protection made;
Who love to tread the sacred ways,
  That to Thy dwelling lead.

4 They shall proceed from strength to strength,
  And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
  Before their God appear.

5 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
  Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
  From those who godly live.

6 Thou God! whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Are still reposed on Thee!

84 (Version II.) L.M.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts! Thy dwellings are:
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temples of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

91 L.M.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand, died?
Thy God His chosen people saves,
Amidst the dead, amidst the graves.

3 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To smite His saints among the rest,
Their very pains and death are blest.

4 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord! to Thee.

93 L.M.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O Lord! and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord! lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord! is ever sure;
Unchanged and firm Thy laws remain,
And in Thy dwelling, bright and pure,
Eternal holiness shall reign.

95 L.M.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing!
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs

3 Oh! let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

4 For He's our God, our Shepherd He;
His flock, and pasture-sheep are we:
Oh! let us as His flock draw near,
His voice with glad attention hear.

95 (Version II.) 8, 8, 8, 8. D.

1 O COME! let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice!
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praises, with heart and with voice:
For God is the King, and He reigns
In glory supreme on His throne;
His wisdom all nature sustains,
The strength of the hills is His own.

2 The sea is the Lord's, He hath made
The wild waves their dwelling to know;
The earth is the Lord's, He hath laid
Its deeper foundations below:
He spake, and the mountains upreared
Their snow-mantled peaks to the sky;
The forests and valleys appeared,
And sent up their voices on high.

3 O come! let us kneel at His feet,
Our Maker to humbly adore!
O give Him the praise that is meet,
His mercy's deep wonders explore!
For we are His flock, whom He feeds
Amidst the green pastures of love;
O blest are the people He leads
To dwell in His presence above!

99

S.M.

1 THE great Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns!
Let earth adore her Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

3 In Zion is His throne,
His honours are divine;
His Church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

5 How glorious is His name!
How terrible His praise!
Let heaven and earth aloud proclaim
The wonders of His grace.

100

L.M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell!
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh! enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

100 (Version II.) L.M.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh! enter, then, His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

101 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 MY song shall be of mercy;
Come! ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful Word:
Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever
To endless years the same.

2 My song shall be of judgment
  Ye who His chastenings feel,
Oh! faint not, nor be weary,
  He wounds that He may heal:
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
  And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
  And truth, and righteousness.

3 Of mercy and of judgment
  To Thee, O Lord! we sing,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
  O great eternal King!
For Thou alone art holy,
  For Thou art Lord alone,
And mercy still and judgment
  Are pillars of Thy throne.

103 S.M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
  His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
  To bless His holy name!

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
  His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits:
  The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide,
  He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
  And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
  Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thy infirmities,
  And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagles, He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose lovingkindness crowns thy days,
O bless the Lord, my soul!

103 (Version II.) 8,7,8,7,4,7

1 PRAISE, my soul! the King of heavèn
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgivèn,
Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

4 Angels! help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
Every creature, bow before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

106 L.M.

1 OH! render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love!
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 How happy they, and only they
Who from His judgments fear to stray;
Who know and love His perfect will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil!

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord!
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me!

5 Let Israel's God be ever blessed;
His name eternally confessed:
Let all His saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amen—Praise ye the Lord!

107 C.M.

1 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord!
Thy mercy sets them free;
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.

4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

7 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

117 L.M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

119 C.M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word, O Lord! the way imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it entereth the mind
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
To guide us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead the way.

4 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
Oh! may it guard our earliest youth,
And cheer our latest age!

119 (Version II.) C.M.

1 LORD! I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through Thy promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

121 C.M.

1 TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 Then thou, my soul! in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will thee from danger keep.

3 Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

122 C.M.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show His milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed!

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

127 C.M.

1 EXCEPT the Lord do build the house,
Its walls unbuilt remain:
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise ere morning light,
And lengthen out the day
With cares, that vex the peaceful night,
And banish sleep away.

3 Only Thy blessing, gracious Lord!
Our feeble souls can keep;
Can prosperous wealth by day afford,
By night, refreshing sleep.

4 Friends, children, all the smiles that cheer
The homes of peace and love,
Are Thine, to bless Thy servants here,
And swell their joys above.

130 S.M.

1 FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry;
Lord! hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

3 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows:

4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

131 7,7,7,7.

1 LORD! for ever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy spirit hath revealed:
Thou hast spoken, I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithfulness I rest.

4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just!

136 L.M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown!
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more

5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

137 S.M.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints!
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine:
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Wait till the shadows flee,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait, till the Bridegroom of our souls
Reveals His love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on Thee:
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord!
Shall Thy salvation see.

139 L.M.

1 THOU, Lord! by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

3 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee?
Where, Lord! could I Thy influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?

4 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes:
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 Search, try, O God! my thoughts and heart;
Cleanse Thou my soul in every part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way!

139 (Version II.) L.M.

1 THERE'S not a bird, with lonely nest,
In pathless wood, on mountain crest,
Or meaner thing which doth not share,
O God! in Thy paternal care.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude:
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

3 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord! art near, our souls to bless,
With all a parent's tenderness.

4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

5 O Lord! where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
We'll bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

148 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 YE boundless realms of joy!
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame!
Your voices raise, ye Cherubim
And Seraphim! to sing His praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
Thou sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare, ye heavens above!
And clouds that move in liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, from changes free;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

4 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh:
O therefore raise your grateful voice!
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

148 (Version II.) 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him!
Praise Him, angels! in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
  Never shall His promise fail:
God will make His saints victorious;
  Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
  Hosts on high! His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
  Laud and magnify His name!

149 10, 10, 11, 11.

1 OH! praise ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing!
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice;
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2 Oh! let them his might and goodness enhance;
With timbrel and harp His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure His saints to advance,
And with His salvation the humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned His people shall sing
To God who their beds with safety does shield;
Their mouths filled with praises of Him their great King,
A sword of just judgment their right hand shall wield.

4 By angels in heaven of every degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be addressed;
As it has been, now is, and always shall be,
To God in Three Persons, One God ever blest!

150 L.M.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence His goodness largely flows;
Praise Him in heaven, where He His face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done:
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

MORNING.

1

PART I. L.M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere;
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King.

PART II. L.M.

1 GLORY to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

2 Lord! I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2

S.M.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel shines,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just!
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray!

5 While with my heart and tongue
I speak Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

3

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 DAY by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread!

2 Lord! my times are in Thy hand!
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own—my Father's will.

4 O to live exempt from care!
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

4 L.M.

1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord! we go
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all our works to Thee.

4 Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

5 L.M.

1 GOD of my life! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night

2 When anxious cares invade my rest,
And grief distracts my throbbing breast;
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

6 L.M.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret, this, of rest below.

6 Only, O Lord! in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

7

L.M.

1 O JESU! Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love!
Pour down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Oh! hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

5 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh! may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

8

L.M.

1 O THOU! to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh! burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 As through this wilderness I stray,
Be thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no evil, need I fear,
If Thou, my Lord! my God! art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu! Thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Teach me, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee;

Oh! let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

9 C.M. D.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh! for the golden floor!
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh! for a heart that never sins!
Oh! for a soul washed white!
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher:
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh! by Thy love, and anguish, Lord!
Oh! by Thy life laid down!
Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

10 C.M.

1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord! by Thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by Thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom Thou preserv'st from harm.

3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are Thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4 Let us ne'er turn away from Thee;
O Saviour! hold us fast,
Till with unclouded eyes we see
Thy glorious face at last.

EVENING.

11

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord! with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim! its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners! thus abide with me!

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh! abide with me!

5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave! thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

6 Reveal Thyself when last I close mine eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:—
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

12 L.M.

1 AT even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord! around Thee lay:
Oh! in what divers pains they met!
Oh! with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ! our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord! have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would love Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ! Thou, too, art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all!

13 C.M.

1 BLEST Saviour! let our evening songs
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the offerings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still our guard;
And still to drive our wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass us around:
But ah! how few returns of love
Hath our Redeemer found!

4 What have we done for Him who died
To save our sinful souls?
Alas! our sins are multiplied,
Fast as each minute rolls.

5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours
Lord! to Thy cross we flee;
And yield them up with all their powers,
To be renewed by Thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood
May we lie down to rest,
As in the bosom of our God,
Or on our Saviour's breast.

14 L.M.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh! keep me, King of kings!
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment-day.

4 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Lord! let my soul for ever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see Thy face and sing Thy love.

7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

15 C.M.

1 O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart,
All evil far remove,
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to Thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

16

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

3 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

4 Father! to Thy holy keeping,
Humbly we ourselves resign:
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine.

5 Blessed Spirit! brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

17

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 SOON will the evening star with silver ray,
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
Resume we, then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that heaven and holiness ordain.

2 Still let each sacred truth our thoughts engage,
That shines revealed on inspiration's page;
Nor those blest hours in vanity be past,
Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

3 Here let us humbly hope our Maker's smile
Will cheer our souls opprest with weekly toil;
And here, on each returning Sabbath, join
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.

4 O God and Saviour! in our hearts abide!
Thy grace renews us, and Thy precepts guide;

In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end!

18 L.M.

1 SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me, when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

19 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter, and yet more faint, the sunlight glows;
O brightness of Thy father's glory, Thou!
Eternal Light of light, be with us now!
When Thou art present, darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious now, O Lord! with Thee

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness, and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave! be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide!
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou! who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer;
Come, Lord! in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call!
With Thee, O Lord! for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

20

7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.

1 THE day is past and over,
All thanks, O Lord! to Thee:
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesu! make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.

O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesu! hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

21

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesu! Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

THE LORD'S DAY.

22

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallowed duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

3 So shall the God of mercy, pleased, receive
The only tribute man has power to give;

So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

4 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end!

23 L.M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

24 C.M.

1 BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
Sweet hour of joy and praise!

2 Daily, O Lord! Thy flocks are blest
In pastures large and fair;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.

3 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead;

And, as a conquèror, His foes
In glorious triumph led.

4 Welcome, kind Shepherd! to Thy sheep
Are these sweet tastes of love;
But what a Sabbath shall they keep,
When safe with Thee above!

5 As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

25

7 7, 7, 7.

1 ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to Thee;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven!

3 Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead:
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

26

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 GREAT God! this sacred day of Thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly may we to Thee resign
These solemn consecrated hours;

Now may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

2 Hence ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides, disturb no more;
All-seeing God! Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
Oh! may Thy grace our bosoms move,
And fix our thoughts on things above.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
Thy grace that calls us to Thy throne.

27 S.M.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord! in this sacred hour
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

3 Yet may a happier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight,
When purer worship we shall pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

28 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 IN Thine own appointed way,
On Thy holy Sabbath day,
Lord! within Thy house we meet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat:
Thou wilt own our humble claim,
For we plead the Saviour's name.

2 He hath poured His precious blood!
He hath made our peace with God;

He hath overcome the grave;
Ours the souls He came to save;
In His name we now appear;
Lord! through Him receive our prayer.

3 Needful grace to all afford;
Bless the message of Thy Word;
Let Thy Holy Ghost impart
Light and peace to every heart:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

29 L.M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs that from Thy servants rise.

2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
Oh! that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

5 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

6 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

30 7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by Thy hand;
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee!

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes
When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

31 L.M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God! my King!
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night!

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word.

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

32

S.M.

1 THE light of sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
Oh! then, what record will it leave
To crown the closing day?

2 Is it a Sabbath spent
Fruitless, and vain, and void?
Or have these blessed moments, lent,
Been piously employed?

3 How dreadful, and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will many a sabbath lost, appear,
Which cannot come again!

4 Lord of these Sabbath hours!
Oh! may we never dare
To waste, in sinful thoughts of ours,
Thy sacred days of prayer!

33

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 THIS is our solemn day of praise;
To Thee our voices high we raise,
Eternal God and King!
To Thy blest courts we will repair,
Approach Thy throne in fervent prayer,
And heartfelt tribute bring.

2 Prosper this day Thy sacred Word;
And grant that, as a two-edged sword,
It may our hearts explore;

Attended by Thy powerful grace,
Let it each guilty spot erase,
And may we sin no more!

3 Then shall we hope, when Thou dost come
To fix our everlasting doom,
To hear these joyful words:
"Go join the heavenly choir, and sing
Eternal praises to our King,
Jehovah, Lord of lords!"

34 L.M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath blessed
The day to us in mercy given;
The holy Sabbath of His rest,
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 This day within Thy courts O Lord!
Thy saints delight to seek Thy face,
To sing Thy praises, hear Thy Word,
Unfold their wants, implore Thy grace.

3 May we the blest assembly join,
To God devote the sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
Look up to Heaven, and learn the way

4 May we by every Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love;
Thus, by Thy holy rest below,
Made fitter for Thy rest above!

35 C.M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throno.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise

36

7,7,7,7. D.

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus He vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips His glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear Thy holy word;
When we sing Thy praise, and pray;
Earth can no such joys afford.
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days;
Rest from sin, and rest from pains;
Endless joys and endless praise.

37

S.M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest!
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And meets His saints to-day;

Haste thee, my soul! and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day spent in the place
In which my God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of vanity and sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till God shall call me hence away
To everlasting bliss.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

38 L.M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit! calm our minds,
And fit us to approach our God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to Thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of heavenly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame!
Cause it to burn with pure desire.

3 Inspired by Thee, teach all to know
The love that Christ for sinners bore;
To mourn the wounds our sins produced,
And our redeeming God adore.

39 L.M.

1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be:
Speak to each heart the mighty word:
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill this place

With wounding and with healing power;
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou! our Maker, Saviour, Friend,
May all the souls who here unite,
With grateful joy Thy court attend,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light!

40

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 FATHER! again in Jesu's name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2 Lord! we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 Oh! by that name in whom all fulness dwells;
Oh! by that love which every love excels;
Oh! by that blood so freely shed for sin;
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

41

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet!
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone;
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same;
Where they praise Jehovah's name!

42 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 JESUS! we Thy promise claim;
We are gathered in Thy name;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here!

2 Sanctify us, Lord! and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart:
Light, and life, and joy impart!

3 Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet:
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light!

43 L.M.

1 JESUS! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring Thee where they come;
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew!
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;

To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord! we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And let each heart be made Thine own!

44 L.M. D

1 LORD! cause Thy face on us to shine;
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine:
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love Thy earthly dwelling-place;
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
And all Thy power and glory see,
Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.

2 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things:
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless:
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Save those who preach and those who hear.

3 O King of Salem! Prince of Peace!
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease:
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, Spirit, hope, reward;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom Thy church and people call.
Oh! may we one communion be,
One with each other; one in Thee.

45 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!

To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.

2 Oh! happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh! happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears:
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh! glorious seat of God our King:
Lord! thither bring our willing feet.

46

13, 10, 13, 10.

1 OH! worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name!

2 These gifts, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Bright mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness;
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

3 Low down at His feet lay the burden of carefulness;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee;
Will comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

47

7, 7, 7, 7. D.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love:
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.

Oh! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory! God of grace!

2 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

3 Lord! be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh! shower them, Lord! on me!

48 C.M.

1 POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord!
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted Word
With meekness, and with fear.

2 By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in Thy name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love Thy Name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had failed
Unless renewed by Thee.

5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call;
Our Life and Resurrection Thou!
Our Hope, our Joy, our All!

49

C.M.

1 SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the *light*,—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the *fire*,—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the *dew*,—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the *dove*,—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love:
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Spirit divine! attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come! great Spirit, come!

50

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 THOU God of power, and God of love!
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces, while they cry
"Thrice holy!" to their God most High,
"Thrice Holy!" to their King:

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms our ruined souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.

3 While we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow Thine ear;
And while we listen to Thy word,
Or praise Thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord! appear.

4 Give us to taste the joy and love,
Earnest of worship, Lord! above,
In heaven Thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
That all assembled now may feel
The presence of our God.

51

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord! I love to worship there;
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 Thou through Him art reconciled;
I through Him become Thy child;
Abba, Father! give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face!

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear! for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;

Till Thy gospel brings to me
Life and immortality.

6 From Thy house when I return
May my heart within me burn!
And at evening let me say
"I have walked with God to-day!"

CONFESSION.

52 C.M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from Thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound:
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found!

3 Oh! spare us, Lord! in mercy spare;
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffered on the cross,
And our transgressions bore!

4 And grant, O Father! for His sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To Thine eternal praise!

53 C.M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night:
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

3 Lord! at Thy feet ashamed we lie,
Upward we dare not look;

Pardon our sins before we die,
And blot them from Thy book.

4 Remember all the dying pains
That our Redeemer felt,
And let His blood wash out our stains,
And answer for our guilt!

54 S.M.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord! on me!
As Thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord! alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed, and though condemned,
Must own Thy judgment right.

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

55 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

1 I NEED no other plea
With which to approach my God,
Than His own mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed:

A Father's love, a Father's care,
Receives and answers every prayer.

2 I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer:
My Great High Priest is ever near,
On Him I cast my care:
To Him, Him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

3 I need no works by me
Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea
Why I heaven's bliss should share:
Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place.

4 I need no other book
To guide my steps to heaven,
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given:
And this, when He illumes our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

5 I need no other dress,
I urge no other claim,
Than His unspotted righteousness;
In Him complete I am:
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide,
No passport do I need beside!

56 C.M.

1 LORD! we confess our numerous faults;
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;

But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through the Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On sinners such as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

57 C.M.

1 LORD! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine!

4 May faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

58 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

1 NO; not despairingly
Come I to Thee:
No; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee,

Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
" Jesus hath died."

2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin:
Sin of not loving Thee;
Sin of not trusting Thee;
Infinite sin.

3 Lord! I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee;
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord! make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou;
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou;
When poor ones call;
Lord! let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light,
This soul within:
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen.
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

59 C.M

1 O LORD! turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate;

2 A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord!
But let me enter in.

3 I need not to confess my life
To Thee, who best can tell
What I have been; and what I am;
I know Thou know'st it well.

4 So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound;
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

5 O Lord! I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have:
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing I do crave.

6 Mercy, good Lord! mercy I ask;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord! is all my suit,
Lord! let Thy mercy come.

60 L.M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My sins, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God! Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord! should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,

Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

5 Jesus! my God! Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
Not aught besides can cleanse me so.

PARDON AND ABSOLUTION.

61 C.M.

1 ALAS! by nature how depraved!
How prone to every ill!
Our lives to Satan how enslaved!
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restored,
Such rebels reconciled?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
Which shall effectual prove,
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
To teach our hearts to love.

4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And died that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

62 C.M. D.

1 BLEST Lamb of God! whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Oh! hear us from Thy throne above,
And let us mercy find.
By all Thine agonizing pain,
Thy cruel woes, we pray,
And by Thy dying love to man,
Oh! take our guilt away.

2 Lord! let Thy blood, by faith applied,
Our gracious pardon seal;
Pronounce us freely justified,
And all our sorrows heal;
From sin's dominion set us free;
Our prisoned souls release;
Raise all our hearts to rest in Thee,
And bless us with Thy peace.

63 L.M.

1 JESUS! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through Thee I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh! let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord! Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,—
Jesus, "the Lord our Righteousness!"

64 8, 8, 8, 6.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive—
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine—yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

65

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away:
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!

As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour! then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

66 S.M.

1 NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God:
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ!
Can ease this weight of sin:
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God!
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God!
Not mine, O Lord! to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God!
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God!
Can this sore burden break.

6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine,
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

67

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

68

8, 8, 8, 6.

1 THE wandèrer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,

The prodigal is welcomed home.
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

2 Though clothed with shame, with sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

3 It is the Father's joy to bless;
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

4 Now shall my famished soul be fed:
A feast of love for me is spread;
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

6 I cannot half His love express:
Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

7 It is Thy precious name I bear;
It is Thy spotless robe I wear;
Therefore the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

8 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God! in Thee.

69 C.M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord! I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

70 P.M.

1 THERE is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life, O poor sinner! for thee;
Then hasten to look unto Him, and be saved;
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

2 Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid? [blood,
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;

On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?

5 "We are healed by His stripes";—wouldst thou add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made;
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on,
Oh! couldst thou be better arrayed?

6 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun,

7 But take with rejoicing, from Jesus at once,
The Life Everlasting He gives;
And know, with assurance, Thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.

8 There is life for a look at the crucified One:
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner! look unto Him and be saved,
Know thyself to be spotless as He.

71

6, 6, 6, 6.

1 THY works, not mine, O Christ!
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.

2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ!
Have healed my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that made me whole.

3 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ!
Thy blood so freely spilt,

Has blanched my blackest stains,
And purged away my guilt.

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ!
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine,
Would have been all too few.

5 Thy righteousness, O Christ!
Alone does cover me;
No righteousness avails,
Save that which is in Thee.

72

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesu! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Oh! give me, Lord! the tender heart!
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

73 C.M.

1 WHAT sacred fountain yonder springs
Up from the throne of God,
And all our covenant blessings brings?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

2 What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondsman stood,
And hath my soul at freedom set?—
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

3 What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins as by a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?—
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

4 What voice is that which speaks for me,
In heaven's high court, for good,
And from the curse hath set me free?—
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

5 What theme, my soul! will best employ
Thy harp before thy God,
And make all heaven to ring with joy?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

74 C.M.

1 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

THANKSGIVING.

75 C.M.

1 FATHER of Mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see,
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.

4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own Thy hand, my God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.

5 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each dreary scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

6 Then shall I close my eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself, my God! is life,
If Thou art with me there.

76

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 FATHER! we Thy children bless Thee
For Thy love on us bestowed;
As our Father we address Thee—
Called to be the sons of God.
Wondrous was Thy love in giving
Jesus for our sins to die;
Wondrous was His grace in leaving,
For our sakes, His home on high.

2 Now His sprinkled blood has freed us,
On we go to gain our rest;
Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
With Thy constant favour blest:
By Thy Spirit Thou dost guide us,
Of our joy the earnest given,
And with daily food provide us,
Jesus! the true bread of heaven.

3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary
This is not our resting place;
Shall we of the way be weary,
When we see our Master's face?
Now, by faith, anticipating,
In this hope our souls rejoice:
We, His promised advent waiting,
Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

4 Then shall countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white in Jesus' blood,
Palms, like rested pilgrims, bearing,
Stand around the throne of God.
These redeemed from every nation,
Shall in triumph bless Thy name,
Every voice shall cry "Salvation
"To our God, and to the Lamb."

77

C.M.

1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive

From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

5 I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe Him most.

78 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light: For, &c.

3 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need: For, &c.

4 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness: For, &c.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery: For, &c.

6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For. &c.

79 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven:
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

80 S.M.

1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name:
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2 He laid His glories by,
And shame and death endured,
That guilty rebels, doomed to die,
From wrath might be secured.

3 And now He pleading stands
Before His Father's throne;
And satisfies the law's demands
With what Himself hath done

4 The Holy Ghost He sends,
Our stubborn wills to move,
To make His enemies His friends,
And conquer them by love.

5 Oh! may we not refuse
Such rich unbounded grace,
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
But seek the Saviour's face.

81

10,11:
11,11,12,11.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs Messiah is King!

1 Sion the marvellous story is telling,
The Son of the Highest how lowly His birth,
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, &c.

2 Tell that He cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
That, free to the faithful He offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, &c.

3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing;
And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise,
Ye angels! the full Hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, &c.

82 C.M.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
To taste those gifts with joy.

3 Unnumbered blessings on my head
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those blessings flowed.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

PRAISE.

83 C.M.

1 ALL-HAIL, the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race!
A remnant weak and small,

Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye Gentile sinners! ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

84 L.M.

1 ALL praise to Him who built the hills;
All praise to Him the streams who fills;
All praise to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.

2 All praise to Him who makes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new born;
Who draws the shadows of the night
Like curtains o'er our wearied sight.

3 All praise to Him whose love hath given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who gives us for our darkness light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

4 All praise to Him in love who came
To bear our woe and sin and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The all-prevailing Sacrifice.

5 All praise to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The fount of joy and holiness.

85

S.M.

1 AWAKE! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ the eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

86

L.M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, oh! how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh! how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, oh! how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh! how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

6 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

87 C.M.

1 BEGIN, my tongue! the heavenly theme.
Awake, my heart! and sing
The gracious work and saving name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad:
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His word of sovereign grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield, art Thou, O Lord!

I firmly anchor all my hopes
On Thy unerring word.

88

C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

89

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by ransomed saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:

He, to save my soul from danger,
  Interposed His precious blood.
Here I raise my Ebenezer,
  Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
  Safely to arrive at home!

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
  Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
  Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord! I feel it;
  Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord! take and seal it;
  Seal it for Thy courts above.

4 Rescued now from sin and danger,
  Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
I would walk on earth a stranger,
  As becomes the sons of God.
By Thy hand restored, defended,
  Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord! when life is ended,
  Bring me to Thy heavenly home.

90 L.M.

1 COME worship at Immanuel's feet!
  Behold in Him what wonders meet!
Though mortals can but faintly trace
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

2 He is the Head! each member lives
And owns the vital power He gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Joined by His Spirit, dwell in love.

3 He is the Vine! His heavenly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit:
Oh! be a lasting union mine,
With Christ the ever-living Vine.

4 He is the Rock ! how firm He proves;
The Rock of Ages never moves;
But the sweet streams that from Him flow
Attend us while to heaven we go.

5 He is the Way ! He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

6 He is the Door! I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but His sheep have freedom there.

7 He is the Star ! He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know His glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

8 He is the Sun ! His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

9 Not earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

91 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and sky reply, praise ye His name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Proclaim for evermore, "Worthy the Lamb."

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load; praise ye His name!
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won:

Sing His great name alone, "Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race!
Our holy Lord to bless; praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Singing with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb."

4 Let all the hosts above,
In realms of endless love, praise His blest name!
To Him ascribèd be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity: "Worthy the Lamb."

92 8, 8, 8, 8, 7.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna in the highest!

2 O Saviour! with protecting care
Be with us in Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna in the highest!

3 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!

4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall melt away,
Thy flock redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna in the highest!

93 L.M.

MY God! my King! Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise my song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; Thine anger slow,
But dreadful, to the stubborn foe.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The glad employment of their tongue.

5 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways.
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

94 S.M.

1 MY soul! repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

95

7,7,7,7.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye who long, alas! have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!

6 When His Spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,

We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

96

7,6,7,6. D.

1 O SAVIOUR! "precious Saviour!"
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour!
All other names above:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
Our holy Lord and King!

2 O Bringer of salvation!
Who wondrously hast wrought;
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought,
We worship Thee, we bless Thee, &c.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God! is Thine:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee, &c.

4 Oh! grant the consummation
Of this our song above!
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love:
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!

97

C.M.

1 OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace:

3 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind! behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.

98

7,7,7,7.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning, here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

99 S.M.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing, high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord!
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore!

100 7,7,7,7.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord! unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil;
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue! be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak!
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak;

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun!
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend!
Every precious name in one,
I will love Thee without end.

101

6, 6, 8, 4, D.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed:
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed!

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand!
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways!
He calls a worm His friend;
He calls Himself my God;

And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace,
For evermore.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry.
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine;
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

102 P.M.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Hallelujah!
—To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Hallelujah!
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Hallelujah!
They through the fields of Paradise who roam,
The blessèd ones, repeat through that bright
home, Hallelujah!
The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say,
"Hallelujah!"
Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders! echoing loud and deep;
Ye lightnings! wildly bright;
In sweet consent unite your Hallelujah!

PRAISE.

Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hoar frost and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in spring!
And glorious forests! sing Hallelujah!

First, let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,
"Hallelujah!"

Then let the beasts on earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,
"Hallelujah!"

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
"Hallelujah!"

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
"Hallelujah!"

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Hallelujah!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
"Hallelujah!"

To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Hallelujah!
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves: Hallelujah!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
Himself approves: Hallelujah!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking Hallelujah!
And children's voices echo, answer making,
"Hallelujah!"

Now from all men be outpoured
Hallelujah to the Lord!
With Hallelujah, evermore,
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

103 10,10,11,11.

1 YE servants of God! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 The waves of the sea have lift up their voice,
But mightier is He, who bids us rejoice:
Amidst their loud roaring our Saviour is here;
While we are adoring, He always is near.

3 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh; His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

4 Salvation to God! who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

PRAYER.

104 C.M.

1 APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,

By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

105 L.M.

1 BE with me, Lord! where'er I go;
Teach me what Thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Enrich me alway with Thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let Thy Spirit on me rest.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline me ever to obey;
What Thou abhorrèst, let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee.

4 Oh! let me never do my will!
But Thine, and only Thine, fulfil;
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended to Thy praise.

106 S.M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood
Which sprinkled round I see,

Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence, and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death;
And then in glory shine.

107

7,7,7,7.

1 COME, my soul! thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer:
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death!

108 C. M.

1 ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

3 Alas! by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the offered good,
And grasp the specious ill.

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh! let Thy grace supply:
The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

5 To God, Who freely loved us first,
All might, all glory, be;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through all eternity.

109 L. M.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

5 There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

110 L.M.

1 HOW shall I pray, O Lord! to Thee?—
With lifted hands, and bended knee;
With heavenward eye, and earnest breath;
As one who asks for life in death.

2 What shall I pray for, Lord! to Thee?—
For strength to help, and light to see:
For livelier faith my heart to move;
For patience, meekness, fear, and love.

3 When shall I pray, O Lord! to Thee?—
In wealth, and in adversity;
At Sabbath-hours, beside my bed,
When morn is come, when day is fled.

4 And praying, gracious Lord! to Thee,
In His great name who died for me,
Sure am I, thou wilt hear, to bless
In all my deep unworthiness.

111 8, 7, 8, 7, 3.

1 LORD! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free:
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh! call me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me!—Even me.

6 Love of God! so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ! so rich and free,
Grace of God! so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord! to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh! bless me—Even me.

112 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 LORD of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the Life, and Light,
Maker! Teacher infinite!
Jesus! hear and save!

2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb; Jesus! &c.

3 Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled; Jesus! &c.

4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords; and King of kings! Jesus! &c.

5 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us! when we cry; Jesus! &c.

113 C.M.

1 LORD! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh! grant us power to pray;
And, when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord! meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord! whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace! we come to Thee,
For broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

5 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To see Thy face and live.

6 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone:

7 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;

Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

8 Give these; and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

114

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 OH! draw me, Saviour! after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire:
With gracious words still comfort me,
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight:—nor fear
Nor sin can come, if Thou art here!

2 What in Thy love possess I not?
My star by night; my sun by day;
My spring of life, when parched by drought;
My wine to cheer; my bread to stay;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode;
My robe before the throne of God!

3 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side!

4 In suffering be Thy love my peace;
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus! in that eventful hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died!

115

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry,

And let Thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of Thy word,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 And send Thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word;
That heathen lands may own Thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

3 Then shall Thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of Thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

116 C.M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;

While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

7 O Thou! by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray!

117

7,7,7,7.

1 SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock!
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

2 Grant, O Lord! that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee;
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

3 Saviour! when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call Thine own by name,
All our wandering steps reclaim.

4 Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in Thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm Thy fold assail.

5 Jesus! who Thy life didst give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live;
Let us in Thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

6 Jesus! praise to Thee be given,
Now returned in peace to heaven;
Holy Father! praise to Thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

118

7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 SON of God! to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth!
By Thy pure and holy birth!
Lord! Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God! to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown!
By Thy Spirit's parting groan!
Lord! Thy presence let me see, &c.

3 Prince of Life! to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty!
By Thy triumph o'er the grave!
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord! Thy presence let me see, &c.

4 Lord of glory! God most high!
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

119

C. M.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;

That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the Throne;
And moves the Hand which moves the [world,
And brings salvation down.

120. C.M.

1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts! to-day
Around Thy footstool meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.

2 They see Thy power and glory there,
Where I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

3 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays:
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

4 The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

5 I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
Then consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart!

6 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between
Thy glory now behold.

121

8,7,8,7. D.

1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh! what peace we often forfeit,
Oh! what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

122

L.M.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

THE WORD OF GOD.

123 C.M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! eternal Lord,
Thy gracious power make known;
Touch, by the virtue of Thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 May we receive the word we hear
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Lord! let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now Thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

124 C.M.

1 AUTHOR and finisher of faith!
We praise Thee for the grace

Bestowed on those who, ages past,
Did Thy great name confess.

2 They taught and practised truths divine,
And sealed them with their blood;
And so to us was handed down
The Gospel of our God.

3 We bless Thee for that saving truth
Thy saints of old have taught;
We bless Thee for those holy works
Thy grace within them wrought.

4 May we and all mankind believe
Thy messages of love;
Follow the steps of saints below,
And dwell with them above.

125 C.M.

1 BEFORE Thy mercy-seat, O Lord!
Behold Thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of Thy Word,
The guidance of Thy hand!

2 Lord! from Thy Word remove the seal;
Unfold its hidden store;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more!

3 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in every page,
And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost soul engage!

4 Let Thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart,
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart!

126 C.M.

1 FATHER of mercies! in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!

For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
Here thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 Oh! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

127 L.M.

1 GOD in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Here Love in all its glory shines,
And Truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace and learn His name:
The captive feel His bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies:
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

128

C.M

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And hence my hopes arise.

5 Lord! make me understand Thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

129

7,7,7,7.

1 HOLY Bible! Book divine,
Precious treasure! thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
Holy Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

130 C.M.

1 HOW precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 Its light descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

4 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings him to the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

5 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

131 C.M.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, O Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
The merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh! may Thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

132 C.M.

1 LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray,
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way:

2 Bread of our souls whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord! grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple childlike hearts.

133 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

1 LORD of all power and might!
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:
Oh! let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found;
God speed His word!

2 Hail! blessèd Jubilee:
Thine, Lord! the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

3 Lo! what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word:
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band;
God shield His word!

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before;

His word ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:—
God bless His word!

134

7,6,7,6.

1 O WORD of God Incarnate!
O Wisdom from on high;
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
The Light of our dark sky!

2 We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

3 The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

4 It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

5 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

6 It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ! to Thee.

7 Oh! make Thy church, dear Saviour!
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.

8 Oh! teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

135 C.M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave them still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

136 C.M.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

7 Thou! Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!

137 L.M.

1 THERE is a lamp whose steady light
Guides the poor traveller in the night:
'Tis God's own Word! It's beaming ray
Can turn a midnight into day.

2 There is a storehouse of rich fare,
Supplied with plenty and to spare:
'Tis God's own Word! It spreads a feast
For every hungering, thirsting guest.

3 There is a chart whose tracings show
The onward course when tempests blow:
'Tis God's own Word! There, there is found
Direction for the homeward bound.

4 There is a tree whose leaves impart
Health to the burdened, contrite heart:—

'Tis God's own Word! It cures of sin,
And makes the guilty conscience clean.

5 Give me this lamp to light my road!
This storehouse for my daily food;
Give me this chart for life's rough sea!
These healing leaves, this heavenly tree.

138 8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 TO those who love Thee, gracious Lord!
How bright, how precious is Thy word,
To us in mercy given;
A guide to all who, travelling here,
'Mid sin and darkness, death and fear,
Are pressing on to heaven.

2 O gracious Saviour! God of love,
Let Thine own Spirit from above
Now fill us with desire
To read, to mark, to learn Thy will,
And with Thy truth our spirits fill,
Purging our hearts with fire.

3 And till in glory Thou dost come
To take Thy waiting people home,
May we obedient be!
Doing Thy will, till that great day
When from this earth we're called away
To dwell, O Lord! with Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS.

ADVENT.

139 8,8,8,8,8,8

1 "A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He, for us, hath gone before,

To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

2 "A little while," He'll come again;
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him:
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

3 "A little while," 'twill soon be past;
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
Oh! let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting, for Him, all else but loss:
Oh! how will recompense His smile,
For sufferings of this "little while."

4 "A little while"; come, Saviour! come;
For Thee Thy waiting people long;
Take us with all Thy ransomed home,
To sing the new, eternal song;
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee!

140 11,10,11,10,5,4,5,6.

1 COME, gracious Saviour! manifest Thy glory,
And let Thy brightness shine from east to [west;
Oh! by Thine anguish 'neath the olives hoary,
Take us, Thy people, to Thy promised rest.
Come, blessed Jesus!
Come, come, we pray;
Banish the darkness,
And bring the glorious day.

2 Come, gracious Lord! our longing eyes to [gladden,
Arise! O Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Let hope deferred our hearts no longer sadden,
But turn to songs our sorrows and our sighs.
Come, blessed Jesus! &c.

3 Oh! come and cheer the eyes all dim with weeping,
Banish the sin, the sorrow, and the strife;
Let those who sow in tears now have their reaping,
Their golden harvest sheaves of light and life.
Come, blessed Jesus! &c.

4 Then shall we worship Thee with joy and singing,
And laud Thy name all other names above;
The world throughout with praises shall be [ringing,
And we shall swell the triumph of Thy love.
Come, blessed Jesus! &c.

141 S.M.

1 COME, Lord! and tarry not,
Bring the long looked-for day;
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Dost Thóu not hear the cry?

3 Come, for Thy Israel pines
An exile from Thy fold;
Oh! call to mind Thy faithful word,
And bless them as of old.

4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

142 8,7,8,7

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set Thy people free;

From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

143 C.M.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

144 6, 4, 6, 4, 6. 7, 6, 4.

1 HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren! wake!

Jesus, our Lord, is nigh;
  Wake, brethren! wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright:
  Wake, brethren! wake!

2 Call to each waking band,
  Watch, brethren! watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
  Watch, brethren! watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
  Watch, brethren! watch!

3 Heed we the Steward's call?
  Work, brethren! work!
There's room enough for all,
  Work, brethren! work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford,
Yours is a sure reward:
  Work, brethren! work.

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice?
  Pray, brethren! pray.
Would ye His heart rejoice?
  Pray, brethren! pray!
Sin calls for constant fear.
  Weakness needs the strong One
Long as ye struggle here, [near
  Pray, brethren! pray!

5 Now sound the final chord,
  Praise, brethren! praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord,
  Praise, brethren! praise!
What more befits the tongues,
  Soon to lead the angels' songs,

While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren! praise!

145 L.M

1 JESU! Thy church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Sion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Come, gracious Lord! our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

4 Oh! come, and reign o'er every land,
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

5 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

146 C.M.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room;
Let all creation sing!

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 Behold! He comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

5 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

147

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought, and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
"Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away."

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!

All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine exalted throne:
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Oh! come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

148

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1 NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But we know, the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day;
When the Saviour will return,
And His people cease to mourn.

2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come;
Mirth will then be turned to weeping,
Sinners then must meet their doom;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

3 Waiting for the Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning;
Let us watch while others sleep:
We're no longer of the night;
We are children of the light.

4 Being of the favoured number
Whom the Saviour calls His own,
'Tis not meet that they should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone:
This should be His people's aim,
Still to glorify His name!

149 L.M.

1 O SAVIOUR! is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach the Gospel to the poor?

2 Come, Saviour! come! return again,
With brighter beams Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

3 Come, Jesus! come! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day—

4 So now may grace with heavenly shower.
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

150 S.M.D., with Refrain.

1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesu! come.

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,

We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesu! come.

3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
How long, O Lord our God!
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?
Come, then, Lord Jesu! come.

4 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Come, Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesu! come.

151 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

1 THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder!

2 The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated:
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated!

152 L.M.

1 THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He who once did stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

5 While sinners to the rocks complain,
And seek the mountain-cleft in vain,
The saints, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—"The Lord is come."

153 8,7,8,7.

1 THE night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning,
When Christ shall all His grace display—
The fair millennial morning.

2 The night hath dark and stormy been,
And long the way, and dreary!

And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

3 Ye mourning pilgrims! dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long-sabbatic morrow.

4 Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming;
It is "the bright and morning Star,"
In living lustre beaming!

5 He comes! the Bridegroom promised long:
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet Him!

6 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare;
With hallelujahs swelling
He comes, with thee all joys to share
In His all-glorious dwelling.

154

8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge shalt come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear this piercing thought,
What! if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent it, Saviour! by Thy grace;
Be Thou, O Lord! my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day.

Thy pardoning voice, oh! let me hear!
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see Thy glorious face;
Then with what rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace!

155

8,7,8,7.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His kingdom glorious;
He shall reign in endless day.

2 Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning, seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

4 Mighty King! Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign.

CHRISTMAS.

156

8,7,8,7,4,7

1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship!
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light: Come, &c.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star: Come, &c.

4 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.
Come, &c.

5 Saints! before His presence bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear: Come, &c.

157

7,7,7,7.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne;
Homage due to God alone.

158 10,10,10,10,10,10.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake: and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still;
Peace upon earth, to sinful man good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return;
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn:
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim;
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.

5 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic host among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;

He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

159 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:"
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem." Hark, &c.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see!
Hail, the incarnate Deity!
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel! Hark, &c.

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth. Hark, &c.

4 Come, Desire of nations! come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed!
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above!
Reinstate us in Thy love. Hark. &c.

160

8,7,8,7,4.

1 HARK! What mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding in the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly Hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high!
Hallelujah.

3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah.

4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah.

5 "Hasten mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"
Hallelujah.

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah.

161

C.M.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a child is born.

4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

162 C.M.D.

1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 O ye! beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

3 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophets seen of old,

When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

163 P.M.

1 OH! come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
Oh! come ye, oh! come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels;
Oh! come, let us adore Him,
Oh! come, let us adore Him,
Oh! come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not a virgin's womb;
Very God, of very God:
Begotten, not created;
Oh! come, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of angels!
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God
In the highest, glory;
Oh! come, &c.

4 Yea, Lord! we greet Thee,
Born for our salvation;
Jesu! to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father!
Now in flesh appearing;
Oh! come, &c.

164 C.M.

1 THE race that long in darkness walked
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun!
The gathering nations come;
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 For unto us a Child is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be The Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Great and Mighty Lord.

5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And grace abound below.

165 C.M.D.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the angel; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

166 7,7,7,7.

1 CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yes: none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren! say,
Shall we madly cast away?

4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory!

5 Jesu! who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy name to-day.

167

8,6,8,8,6.

1 EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy babe hath been:
Long named in heaven, He now must go
To take that name on Him below,
"Jesus"—who saves from sin!

2 The traitor sought Him by that name,
When all the murderous crew
With swords and staves against Him came;
And on the cross, the tree of shame,
That name was fixed in view

3 Yet, in His hour of glory now,
That precious name is given,
Above all names, to deck His brow;
And at the name of Jesus bow
The powers and thrones of heaven.

4 Worthy art thou o'er us to reign,
Jesus! for evermore:
Thou, who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should the name profane
Which seraphim adore!

168

C.M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

169 C.M.

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile,
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me, in a "still small voice,"
To trust and not to fear.

5 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

EPIPHANY.

170

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 ARISE, O Lord! and shine
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Bring distant nations near,
To sing Thy glorious praise;
Let every people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God! assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His church shall bless.
And fill the earth with rightcousness.

171

11,10,11,10.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

172 7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 CHRIST! whose glory fills the skies,
Christ! the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high be near:
Daystar! in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

173 11,11,12,11,11,11,11,11.

1 GLORY to God! for the day-spring is dawning;
The night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
Behold! the bright beams of the Star of the morning
Are shedding a radiance o'er every land.

Its free light hath shone on the prisoners confined
In strongholds of sin and in shadows of night;
Its glories have opened the eyes of the blind;
And turned the deluded from darkness to light.

2 Glory to God! He hath opened a fountain
To wash every sin and uncleanness away:
A life-giving river from Calvary's mountain,
Which never shall suffer decrease or decay:
A river that flows with a sin-cleansing power,
From Jesus our crucified Saviour is seen;
The thirsty may drink, and be thirsty no more;
The lost and polluted may wash and be clean.

3 Glory to God! for our High Priest hath offered
One perfect oblation to take away sin;
A Lamb without spot for the sinful hath suffered,
A full, free salvation for sinners to win;
Hath risen and entered the holiest place;
Hath openly triumphed o'er earth and the grave;
Hath made Himself known in the word of His [grace.
The Lord in His righteousness mighty to save.

4 Glory to Thee! for the hope Thou hast givèn
That they who on earth have made Jesus their friend,
Shall all, through Thy mercy, adore Him in [heavèn,
And love Him, and worship Him, world without end.
May I, Lord! be one of that numberless throng,
Set free from this body of sin and of pain,
To join in the joyful unchangeable song,
"All Glory to God and the Lamb that was slain!"

174

7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine,
Fill Thy church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

175

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 HAIL! Thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind;
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

3 Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour;
  Gentiles, we our offerings bring!
In Thy temple seek Thy favour,
  Jesus Christ! our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
  Live devoted to Thy praise;
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
  Grateful anthems ever raise!

176 C.M.

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
  Star of the coming day!
Arise! and with thy morning beam
  Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
  And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
  And own Thee as their King!

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
  To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
  In memory of Thy love!

4 Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,
  The air—the earth—the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
  And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
  Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
  The palm of victory Thine!

177 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
  Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and all Thy love revealing,
  Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

4 Come! and manifest the favour
Thou hast for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou blest exalted Saviour!
Come! and bring Thy gospel grace.

5 By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

178

7,7,7,7.

1 SONS of men! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all! remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning-stars! again,
God descends on earth to reign!

Deigns for man His life to employ,
Shout, ye Sons of God! for joy.

6 Glory to the heavenly King,
Glory all ye angels! sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

179 L.M.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud; the night was dark;
The ocean yawned: and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck; I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

180 C.M.

1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God! alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state;
The bondage,—all was mine:
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty,—is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe:
Then in believing, peace I found,
And now I live! I live!

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to Thee.

181 L.M.

1 COME! weary souls! with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh! come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;

Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope Thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 O Saviour! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

182 C.M.

1 HOW blest are they who feel the weight
Of sin unfelt before!
Who own with tears their wretched state,
And knock at mercy's door!

2 So Ephraim moaned his lost estate,
Oppressed with conscious fears;
So Mary kissed her Saviour's feet,
And washed them with her tears.

3 So David, at the seer's rebuke,
Was filled with sorrowing fears;
So Peter, at his Master's look,
Was melted into tears.

4 When sinners thus behold their guilt,
And tremble as they view,
Jesus applies the blood He spilt,
To cleanse and comfort too.

5 He washes all their stains away,
The crimson stains of sin;
Back to his fold directs their way,
And lets the wanderers in.

6 Thus all the saints, now throned in light,
Escaped from sin's dark flood,
Have washed their robes, and made them white
In His atoning blood.

183

L. M.

1 HOW shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its grief make known?
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through Christ alone.

2 Father! in Him we claim our part,
For Thy Son's sake accept us now;
In Him well pleased Thou always art,
Well pleased with us through Him be Thou.

3 Oh! look on Thine Anointed One;
Thy gift in Him is all our plea;
Our righteousness,—what He hath done;
Our prayer,—His prayer for us to Thee.

4 So while He intercedes above,
In His blest name may we believe!
And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost souls receive.

184

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin:
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger, and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
  I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and pity,
  A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
  To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
  And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!
  And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
  And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
  My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, blest Jesus!
To gaze, my Lord! on Thee.

185

6, 5, 6, 5. D.

1 IN the hour of trial,
  Jesu! pray for me;
Lest by base denial
  I depart from Thee.
When Thou see'st me waver,
  With a look recall;
Nor, for fear or favour,
  Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
  Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
  Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
  Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
  Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
  Thou in love chastise,

Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord! receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

186 L.M.

1 OH! not when o'er the trembling soul
The thunder-peals of Sinai roll,—
Oh! 'tis not then we feel within
The full malignity of sin.

2 'Tis when by faith we turn our eyes
On Him, our Priest and Sacrifice;
Mark His mysterious pangs, and know
Our peace was purchased by His woe:—

3 When in faith's happiest, holiest hours
We dare to call that Saviour ours,—
'Tis then our hearts within us burn;
We look on Him we pierced, and mourn.

4 'Tis then a voice is heard within,
Which breaks the tyrant yoke of sin;
For He, our load of guilt who bore,—
He bids us "go and sin no more."

187 S.M.

1 OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts this fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

6 Here we would end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality!

188 C. M.

1 O JESU! Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding-place;
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

189

7,7,7,7. D.

1 SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power;
Turn, Oh! turn a pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn;
Cross and passion, pangs and cries;
By Thy perfect sacrifice;

Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn Litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To Thy throne in heaven restored;
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

190

7,7,7,7.

1 THOU who didst on Calvary bleed!
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesu! Saviour! hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesu! lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
Jesu! to Thy cross I fly.

4 There, on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer,
Jesu! save me from despair,
Save me! save me! or I die.

5 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesu! Saviour! be Thou nigh.

191

10,10,10,10.

1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;

But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way;
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, believe; thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear; [near;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child!
And, day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver! grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer;
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord!
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down,

8 Nought can I bring Thee, Lord! for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

192 L.M.

1 WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord! I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh! think not of my shame and guilt;
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Oh! think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare!

4 Oh! think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

5 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me, Lord! my heart is full;
Behold, and hear, and succour me!

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

193 C.M.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony He prayed.

2 "Father! remove this bitter cup,
If such Thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner! see
Those precious drops that flow;

The heavy load He bore for thee;
For thee He lies so low.

4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations sore draw near,
Awake to watch and pray.

194 L.M.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold! the rising billows roll
To overwhelm His holy soul.

2 In long complaints He pours His breath
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And sons of malice all combine
To execute their dread design.

3 Yet, gracious God! Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of Thy law restored;
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
Borne for transgressions not His own.

5 Oh! for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
Thou, Lord! wilt hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

195 7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
See Him meekly bearing all!
Love to man His soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom:—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

196 C.M.

1 JESUS! Thou man of sorrows, born
To suffering here below;
To toil through poverty and scorn,
Through weakness and through woe:

2 Emmanuel! who, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Hast lived to yield our wants relief,
And to redeem us died!

3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In careless ease we dwell;
Remind us of Thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage-cell.

4 If pressed by penury severe,
In envious want we pine,
May conscience whisper in our ear,
A poorer lot was Thine.

5 From all the viewless snares of sin,
Preserve us firm and free:
As Thou, like us, hast tempted been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

197 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

1 OH! the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree;
Heard Him pray: "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord! Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's petition,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

198 C.M.

1 O LORD! when we the paths retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod;
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God:

2 Thy love to man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave:
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save:

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
  Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
  And in His will delight:

4 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind;
  We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
  In fellowship with Thee.

199 L.M.

1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
  Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek! pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign.

6 Reign on! reign on in majesty!
Reign on in triumph, Lord most High!
We hymn Thee on Thy throne of love,
Almighty King, in realms above!

200 C.M.D

1 SEE! what unbounded zeal and love
Inflamed the Saviour's breast,
When, stedfast, towards Jerusalem.
His urgent way He pressed.
Good-will to man, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross:
He hastes to be baptized with blood,
He speeds to reach the cross.

2 With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown;
Forth to the work His spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged Him on.
By His obedience unto death,
See Paradise restored;
And fallen man brought face to face
With his forgiving Lord.

3 Prepare us, Lord! to view Thy grief,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on Thee, whom we have pierced;
To look on Thee and mourn.
While thus we mourn, may we rejoice.
And, as Thy cross we see,
May each exclaim in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

201 11,10,11,10.

1 WE would see Jesus! for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus! for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow,
And though our souls have many a billow [breasted:
Others are rising in the distance now.

3 We would see Jesus! the great Rock-foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
O Lord! can move us, if we see Thy face!

4 We would see Jesus! other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we come to Thee!

5 We would see Jesus! sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away:
We would see Thee! Thyself our souls reminding
That Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 To see Thee! this is all our souls are needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the [sight:
To see Thee—dying, rising, interceding,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

GOOD FRIDAY:

202 C.M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might confusion veil my face
While Jesus' cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord! I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

203 L. M.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb!
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above!

2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save the guilty world He dies!
Sinners! behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus! my Lord! I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

204 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7

1 BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.!

2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at His doom,
Yonder saints who burst their tomb,
Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
By the mortal agony:
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep,
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"

By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

205

6,5,6,5.

1 GLORY be to Jesus.
Who in bitter pains
Poured for us the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood we find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

4 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan, in confusion,
Terror-struck departs.

5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye, then, your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
Evermore adoring
Our redeeming God.

206

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh! what pleasure
Do these wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints! the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints! from hence your comfort draw!

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name!
"Hallelujah!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

207

7,7,7,7.

1 "IT is finished!" Shall we raise
Songs of sorrow or of praise?
Mourn to see the Saviour die?
Triumph in His victory?

2 If of Calvary we tell,
How can songs of triumph swell?
If of man redeemed from woe,
How shall notes of mourning flow?

3 Ours the guilt which pierced His side,
Ours the sin for which He died:
But the blood which flowed to-day
Washed that sin and guilt away.

4 Lamb of God! Thy death has given
Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven:
"It is finished!" Let us raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise!

208

L.M.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When He complained, in tears of blood,
As one forsaken of His God.

2 The Jews behold Him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
"Now let Him try Himself to save."

3 They wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which He died.

4 But God, His Father, heard His cry;
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.

209

8,6,8,6,8,6.

1 O CHRIST! what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead;
Didst bear all ill for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup :
O Christ ! 'twas full for Thee !
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me :
That bitter cup, love drank it up,
Now blessing's draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod :
O Christ ! it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God ;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed ;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard ;
O Christ ! it broke on Thee !
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred :
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 For me, Lord Jesus ! Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee :
Thou'rt ris'n—my bands are all untied ;
And now Thou liv'st in me :
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy glory then for me !

210

8,7,8,7. D.

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See Him dying on a tree !
'Tis the Christ by man rejected !
Yes, my soul ! 'tis He ! 'tis He !
Many hands were raised to wound Him ;
None would interpose to save ;
But the awful stroke that found Him
Was the stroke that justice gave.

2 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,

Here may view its nature rightly
  Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
  See who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
  Son of man, and Son of God.

3 Here we have a firm foundation;
  Here the refuge of the lost:
Christ's the rock of our salvation;
  His the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
  Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded,
  Who on Thee their hope have built!

211 L.M.

1 "'TIS finished!" so the Saviour cried,
  And meekly bowed His head and died:
"'Tis finished!" Yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!" all that God decreed,
And all the ancient Prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Him, the Saviour of mankind.

3 "'Tis finished!" this His dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this His last expiring breath.

4 "'Tis finished!" let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"'Tis finished!" let the echo fly
Through earth below and worlds on high.

5 "'Tis finished!" was it done for me?
Yes: let me then to Jesus flee;
Forsake the world and trust the Lord,
And tread the pathway of His Word.

6 "'Tis finished!" men are reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Complete salvation is obtained;
Eternal life and glory gained.

212 C.M.

1 TO Calvary, Lord! in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart,
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.

3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained
And love endured its last.

4 Thou suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessèd brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

6 Oh! linger not! come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call;
Come, claim Thine ancient power, and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

213 L.M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

EASTER.

214

7. 4, 7, 4. D.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say; „
Raise your songs and triumphs high; „
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth reply. „

2 Love's redeeming work is done; Hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the battle won; „
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; „
Lo! He sets in blood no more. „

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Hallelujah!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; „
Death in vain forbids His rise; „
Christ hath opened paradise. „

4 Lives again our glorious King! Hallelujah!
Where, O death! is now thy sting? „
Once He died our souls to save; „
Where's thy victory, O grave? „

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hallelujah!
Following our devoted Head: „
Made like Him, like Him we rise; „
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. „

6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven! Hallelujah!
Praise to Thee by both be given! "
Thee we greet triumphant now! "
Hail! the Resurrection Thou! "

215

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 CHRISTIANS awake, awake,
And hail this sacred day!
In loftiest songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest.
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 'Twas on this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, with humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:—
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

216

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 COME, ye saints! behold and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst His bonds asunder;
He has borne our sins away:
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing His praises:
'Twas by death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
Thus He fills His foes with shame:

Sing His praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder happy regions,
They shall join His praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

217

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 COME ye who love the Lord!
And feel His quickening power,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore.
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

2 He left His throne above,
His glory laid aside:
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died;
The pangs He bore, what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 He burst the grave: He rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence His vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode
Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 He soon again will come,
His chariot will not stay,
To take His children home
To realms of endless day:
We then shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace.

218 L.M.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness veils the skies:
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Draw near and trace in sad review
His grief, Who bowed beneath your load:
He gave His anguished life for you,
Poured forth in streams of precious blood.

3 Yet see! the Lord forsakes the tomb;
In vain His foes forbid His rise:
Angelic legions guard Him home,
And hail His welcome to the skies.

4 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the captive death in chains.

5 Sing—"Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save;
"Thine arm has torn from death its sting
"And won the vict'ry from the grave."

219 L.M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
How sweet the joy this sentence gives;
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everliving head.

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above.

3 He lives within my heart to dwell,
And save me from the power of hell;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stay and wipe my tears;
He lives to soothe my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend,
Who still will keep me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

6 He lives my mansion to prepare,
And He will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to His name!
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

220

7, 4, 7, 4. D.

1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day; „
Who did once upon the cross, „
Suffer to redeem our loss. „

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King; „
Who endured the cross and grave, „
Sinners to redeem and save. „

3 But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our salvation hath procured; „
Now above the sky He's King, „
Where the angels ever sing. „

221

7, 8, 7, 8, 4.

1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death! appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave! canst not enthral us.
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving. Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever:
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever. Hallelujah!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone, [Hallelujah!
Rest and reign with Him in heaven!

222

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led, &c.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done:
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our vict'ry won:
Captivity is captive led, &c.

4 To God, the risen Son,
Father, and Spirit blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed!
Captivity is captive led, &c.

ASCENSION.

223 9,8,9,7.

1 CHRIST is gone up with a joyful sound,
He is gone to His bright abode;
The armies of heaven, they throng around,
To hail their ascended God.

2 Christ is gone up to His throne on high,
He has won here the victor's crown;
Lo! captive He leads captivity,
The foe He has overthrown.

3 Christ is gone up to the fount of love,
To pour gifts on a sinful race;
For saints to prepare a place above,
And shed forth the Spirit's grace.

4 Christ is gone up with a joyful sound,
He is gone to His bright abode;
With heavènly hosts His throne around,
O praise our ascended God!

224 6,5,6,5. D., with Chorus.

1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King:
Christ the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die:
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended, &c.

3 Praying for His children,
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones! for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended, &c.

225

7, 4, 7, 4. D.

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise! Hallelujah!
To His throne above the skies; „
Christ, awhile to mortals given, „
Reascends His native heaven. „

2 There the glorious triumph waits; Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! „
Christ hath vanquished death and sin; „
Take the King of Glory in. „

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives, Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; „
Though returning to His throne, „
Still He calls mankind His own. „

4 See! He lifts His hands above; Hallelujah!
See! He shows the prints of love; „
Hark! His gracious lips bestow „
Blessings on His Church below. „

5 Still for us He intercedes, Hallelujah!
His prevailing death He pleads, „
Near Himself prepares our place, „
He the first-fruits of our race. „

6 Lord! though parted from our sight, Hallelujah!
Far above the starry height, „
Grant our hearts may thither rise, „
Following Thee above the skies. „

226

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 HAIL! Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgivèn
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heavèn;
Peace is made 'tween man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

227

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious!
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour; angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heavèn rings;
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him;
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

228

L.M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead:
Our Saviour is gone up on high:

The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
"Ye everlasting doors give way.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
"And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
"He claims these mansions as His right:
"Receive the King of Glory in."

4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
"The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
"The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
"And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits;
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
"Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of glorious power possest.
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all for ever blest!

229 P.M.

1 REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb;
Sound His praise, tell the Story, of Him who was slain.
Sound His praise, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.
Sound, &c.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed!
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.
Sound, &c.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust, has died on the tree.
Sound, &c.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
Sound, &c.

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us, on His throne in the sky.
Sound, &c.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again:
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound, &c.

230

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, &c.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,

And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

231 C.M.

1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

5 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

232 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

1 THE Lord ascendeth up on high;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling!
Hell and the grave are captive led,
Lo! He returns, our glorious Head,
To His eternal dwelling.

2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel-hosts, adored;
Oh! day of exultation!

O earth! confess thy glorious King;
His rising, His ascension sing
With grateful adoration.

3 Our Great High Priest hath gone before;
Thence on His church His grace to pour,
And bring us to salvation:
Oh! may our hearts to Him ascend,
May all within us upward tend,
Where lies our expectation!

4 Draw all our hearts, O Lord! to Thee;
Our minds from every burden free
Of earthly care and pleasure;
And when our mortal days shall end,
Oh! may our souls to Thee ascend,
Our everlasting Treasure!

233 S.M.

1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown:

4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But Thou canst cheer this path of tears
And lead us safe to Thee.

5 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

6 Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

WHITSUNTIDE.

234 L.M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit! heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide:
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from His precepts stray:
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, its joys to share;
Fulness of joy for ever there.

235 S.M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit! come!
Let Thy bright beams arise!
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our breasts;
Our minds from bondage free;
So shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

236

C.M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever be
In this poor dying state?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

237

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,

Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

2 Thou Strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
Thrice Holy Fount! thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, Lord, Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee!

238 C.M.

1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord!
Thy Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire,
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life. and light, and love!
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's everspringing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

239

C.M

1 ETERNAL Spirit! God of Truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Light in Thy light, oh! may we see;
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived and cheered and blest by Thee,
Spirit of peace and love!

4 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.

5 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

240

7, 7, 7, 7

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Power Divine,
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

2 Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in His precious blood.

3 Earnest, Thou! of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life, and joy, aud peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

4 Guardian Spirit! lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love!

241

8,7,8,7,4,7

1 HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come! Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light;
Raise us sinners,
From the power of sin and death.

2 Hear, oh! hear our supplication,
Blessèd Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
Great Distributor of grace;
May we ever
Feel and own Thy heavenly sway.

3 Author of our new creation!
Bid us all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love;
Heavenly Teacher!
Guide and bless us all our days.

242

7,7,7,5

1 HOLY Ghost! the Infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful ; cleanse us, Lord!
We are faint ; Thy strength afford :
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine !

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue, our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine !

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine !

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine !

6 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine !

243. 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 HOLY Spirit! from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness ;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief :
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

244

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 LORD! shew Thy glory, as of old!
Thy work of heavenly grace display;
And let our longing eyes behold
Another pentecostal day:
Our fervent wishes deign to crown,
And send thy quickening Spirit down!

2 Thou seest, Lord! how far we stray,
Oppress with ills we cannot flee;
How sin hath drawn our hearts away
From peace, from happiness, and Thee;
Thy gracious Spirit, Lord! bestow,
And lift us from the depth of woe!

3 Encompassed with a host of foes,
Our strength is small—our danger nigh:
Where can we find some brief repose?
Or whither for protection fly?
O Lord! Thy mighty Spirit send,
Our hearts to strengthen and defend!

4 Now let a brighter day begin,
Than e'er the Church has witnessed here:
Bid the dark-gathering clouds of sin
From Thy pure presence disappear;
Reign in each heart;—in every place
Set up the empire of Thy grace!

245

8, 6, 8, 4.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh! make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

246

L.M.

1 SPIRIT of everlasting grace,
Infinite source of life, come down:
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,
Thy glorious power and love make known.

2 Breathe o'er the valley of the dead,
Send forth Thy quickening might abroad,
'Till, rising from their tombs, they spread
In full array, the host of God.

3 Thy heritage lies desolate,
And all Thy pleasant places mourn;
Oh! look upon our low estate,
In loving-kindness, Lord! return.

4 Now let Thy glory be revealed;
Now let Thy presence with us rest;
Oh! heal us! and we shall be healed;
Oh! bless us! and we shall be blest.

247 L.M.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
Oh! shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy favoured Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

248 C.M.

1 SPIRIT of power and might! behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator Spirit! as of old,
Move on the formless void!

2 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew!

3 And if the sons of God rejoice,
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

4 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

249

S.M.D.

1 SPIRIT of Truth! come down;
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.
'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see:
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me!

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 Oh! that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb;
Spirit of Truth! descend, and show
The virtue of His name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart,
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

250

C.M

1 SPIRIT of Truth, on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay.
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love!

251

8, 8, 6.

1 TO Thee, O Comforter divine!
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Hallelujah.

2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace, Sing &c.

3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin, Sing &c

4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal, Sing &c.

5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shewn
By every promise made our own, Sing &c.

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end, Sing &c.

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown, Sing &c.

8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever one, Sing &c.

252

C.M.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace!

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness in my heart
That I am born of God!

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And Thy soft wings, celestial dove!
Will safe convey me home!

TRINITY.

253 L.M.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend!

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend!

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

254 7, 7, 7, 7

1 GLORY be to God on high;
God, whose glory fills the sky;

Peace on earth and man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Hail! by all Thy works adored!
Hail! the everlasting Lord!
All Thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless.

3 Holy Spirit! Thee we own!
Thee, O Christ! the only Son!
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

4 Praise the name of God Most High;
Praise Him all below the sky!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

255

7, 7, 7, 7. D.

1 GOD of glory, God of grace!
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place,
While our feeble voices sing
Grateful praises to our King;
While we meet at Thy command,
Asking blessings from Thy hand,
God of glory! God of grace!
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place.

2 God our Maker! Thee we praise,
Guardian of our helpless days.
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
Sent Thy Spirit from on high.
God of glory, &c.

3 God the Saviour! Thee we bless,
For Thy life of righteousness;
For Thy cross and death of shame,
Feeble voices bless Thy name:

Should our tongues no praises bring,
Stones would find a voice to sing.
God of glory, &c.

4 God the Spirit! Thee we praise,
For Thy sanctifying grace;
For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart,
For the word inspired by Thee,
That reveals eternity. God of glory, &c.

5 Great Eternal! Three in One,
Hear, oh! hear us from Thy throne.
We are children of a day,
Like the flowers we pass away;
Yet Thy power can bid us rise
To adorn a paradise. God of glory, &c.

256

P.M.

1 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

257

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

258

8,7,8,7.

1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

2 "Lord! Thy glory fills the heavèn,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory givèn,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry;
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His ransomed church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord! Thy glory fills the heavèn,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory givèn,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

259

C.M.

1 THE Lord Himself my portion is,
My lot He doth maintain;
Oh! what a paradise is this!
How measureless my gain!

2 Fair is the portion I receive,
A heritage divine:
The God in whom I move and live
Is mine, for ever mine!

3 I bless the Father, who hath taught
My soul His secret will;
Whose love and wisdom, passing thought,
Surround my pathway still.

4 I bless the Son, whose wondrous grace
Hath brought Him from on high,
With joy to take the sinner's place,
In grief for him to die.

5 I bless the Spirit, source of life,
The Lord of peace and love,
Who leads us through this world of strife
To happier homes above.

6 O guide us, Lord! to that fair land
Of pleasures all unknown;
Where countless saints with joy shall stand
Around their Father's throne.

260

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:

Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love!
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity!
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

261

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:

And now He lives, and now He reigns;
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

THE SACRAMENTS.

BAPTISM.

262 L.M.

1 COME, gracious Saviour! from above,
Inspire our souls with faith and love;
While we within Thy courts appear,
And bring our little infant here.

2 No outward rite can cleanse the heart,
But Thou can'st cleansing grace impart;
Now, Lord! Thy promised Spirit shed
Upon our little infant's head.

3 Wash out *his* sins in Jesus' blood,
Receive *him*, as *his* covenant God;
And sanctify this seal and sign
That little infants may be Thine.

4 Should'st Thou prolong *his* days below,
May *he* in grace and wisdom grow;
Should'st Thou remove *him*, take *him* where
E'en little infants glory share.

5 And when our work on earth is done
May we with ours, brought near Thy throne,
In one harmonious song combine,
To praise the love that made us Thine.

263

L.M.

1 GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face!
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* for ever, Lord! to Thee;
Assured that, if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head;
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face.

5 Make *him* and keep *him* thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.

264

7,7,7,7.

1 HEAVENLY Father! may Thy love
Beam upon us from above!
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

2 Son of God! be with us here!
Listen to our humble prayer!
Let Thy blood, on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry;
Thou this infant sanctify!
Thine Almighty power display,
Seal *him* to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah! Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
May the blessing come from Thee!
Thine shall all the glory be!

265 C.M.

1 JESU! we lift our souls to Thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptized into Thy death.

2 Oh! let Thine unction on *him* rest,
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 Thy faithful servant let *him* prove,
Girded with truth divine;
Be sharer in Thy dying love,
And follower of Thine.

4 Lord! if Thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still Thy care;
Or should'st Thou quickly end *his* days,
His place with Thee prepare.

266 C.M.

1 O LORD! while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Teach us the truths herein set forth
Our very own to feel.

2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our portion now,
A risen Lord our trust.

3 Baptised into the Father's name
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptised in Thine, with joy we claim
The merits of Thy blood.

4 Baptised unto the Holy Ghost
We'd prove His mighty power;
And, making Thee our only boast,
Obey Thee hour by hour.

267

L.M.

1 O THOU! who didst young children bless,
And not despise their tender years;
Thou! who hast felt a babe's distress,
And wept a feeble infant's tears;

2 Thou! who art throned in glory now,
Whose praises the archangels sing;
Thousands of saints before Thee bow;
Ten thousand thousand call Thee King:

3 Yet dost Thou bend a pitying eye
On all who sojourn still below;
Yet dost Thou hold an outstretched hand
Thy priceless blessings to bestow.

4 Oh! lay it on each little child,
And cause them to be born again;
Thou canst the Christian mind impart;
We only give the Christian name.

5 Pour down Thy Spirit from on high;
Direct their footsteps day by day;
Grant them a mansion in the sky,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

268

S.M.

1 THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to His breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim:
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 We gladly bring them, Lord!
Devoting them to Thee;
And praying that as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

269 L.M.

1 WE praise Thee, Saviour! for the grace
That bids us with our infants come;
That gives them in Thy heart a place,
And in Thy kingdom grants them room.

2 We bring them to Thine arms, O Lord!
And here the holy seal apply;
Oh! make them clean; their names record
In Thine own book of life on high.

3 When storms shall beat, or gathering foes
Beset the path their feet must tread,
Great Shepherd! let Thine arms enclose,
Or o'er them for defence be spread.

4 If Thou hast marked them for the tomb
Ere morning brightens into day,
As in Thy bosom bear them home,
And gently wipe our tears away.

5 Or if, when gathered to Thy rest,
'Tis ours to leave them pilgrims still,
Guide Thou their steps till, with us blest,
They reach Thine everlasting hill.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

270 C.M.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember Thee.

2 The broken bread, which Thou didst make
A sacred sign to be,
And testamental cup, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God! my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then Lord remember me!

271 S.M.

1 BLEST feast of love divine:
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord! of Thee.

2 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

3 The blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of Thee.

4 Oh! if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord! above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

5 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare.

272

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come!

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is shown in this memorial bread:
And so our feeble faith is fed
Until He come!

3 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With His last advent, we unite,
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come!

4 Until the trump of God be heard;
Until the ancient graves be stirred;
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come!

5 Oh! blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate;
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come!

273

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 HERE, O my Lord! I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord! enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord! my God!

5 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

274 C.M.

1 IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
The cup in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love;
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

275

8,7.8,7.

1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd! guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lest I err Thy aid disdaining,
And forsake Thy sheltering fold,
Heedless of Thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold;

3 Lord! Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore,
Now Thy grace hath found me, never
Would I wander from Thee more.

4 Here Thy bounty still partaking,
In these signs of bread and wine,
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine:

5 Cleansed, and washed, and freely pardoned,
By His matchless love and power:
Hear Him say, no longer hardened,
"Go in peace, and sin no more."

276

L.M.

1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad, when Thy precious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

277

7,7,7.

1 JESUS! to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel;
All Thy wondrous love reveal!

3 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide,
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God! grant us Thy peace!

6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

278

L.M.

1 MY God! and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Oh! let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests!

And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

5 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

279 L.M.

1 STAY, trembling soul! and do not fear,
At Jesus' board for thee there's room;
He who hath loved thee, saith, "Draw near,"
'Tis Christ Himself that bids thee come.

2 Come, with thy burdened, broken heart:
Partake His grace, so full, so free:
Believe, and thou shalt not depart
Unblessed; for Jesus died for thee.

3 Confess thy guilt, forsake thy sin,
And wash thee white in Jesu's blood:
He who hath loved thee, saith, "Be clean,"
E'en Christ, thy Saviour, and thy God!

4 Though tremblingly thou dost fulfil
His last command, fear not, for He
Is Christ thy pardoning Saviour still,
Who loved, and gave Himself for thee.

280 L.M.

1 THE dying and undying love
Of Christ our Saviour and our King,

Thou blessèd Spirit! from above,
Help us in grateful notes to sing.

2 That love which brought Him down from heaven
To suffer pain, and grief, and loss,
That we might have our sins forgiven,
And glory only in His cross.

3 That love which now in heaven He bears
For those who trust in Him alone;
That love which wipes away their tears,
And lets them stand before His throne.

4 Oh! may it be our lot to stand
With all His ransomed saints above,
Who celebrate at His right hand
His dying and undying love!

281

7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 "TILL He come!" Oh! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "*Till He come!*"

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb!
It is only "*Till He come!*"

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross;
All that tells the world is loss;
Death, and darkness, and the tomb;
Only whisper "*Till He come!*"

4 See! the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

282 L.M.

1 'TWAS on that night, when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:—

3 "My broken body will I give
For you, for all, that you may live;
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings my wondrous love to view."

4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

5 "My blood I will pour forth," He cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heaven's eternal grace revealed."

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

CONFIRMATION.

283 S.M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh! Thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

284

7,6,7,6. D.

1 GO thou in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth;
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth;
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now, and buy the truth.

Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice.

285 S.M.

1 GREAT GOD! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
Oh! may they learn while they are young
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them Thy will to know;
O God! Thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of Thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to Thyself alone,
And make them wholly Thine.

5 Lord! let Thy sacred Word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

286 L.M.

1 O HAPPY day! that fixed my choice
On Thee! my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

287

7,6,7,6. D.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh! let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus! draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh! let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self will.
Oh! speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh! speak to make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

4 Oh! Jesus! Thou hast promised
To all that follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus! I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh! give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

5 Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

288 S.M.

1 "ONLY" one heart to give,
"Only" one voice to use;
"Only" one little life to live,
And "only" one to lose.

2 Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied!

3 All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so!
All! for I love my King!

4 All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
All! for I have no more.

5 All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift:
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

289

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 THINE for ever! God of love!
Hear us from Thy throne above:
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life!
Shield us through our earthly strife.
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! Oh! how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend!
Oh! defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour! keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep.
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord! from earth to heaven.

MATRIMONY.

290

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love!
Bless Thy servants; on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this nuptial bond to Thee
Consecrated let them be.

2 In prosperity be near
To preserve them in Thy fear;
In affliction let Thy smile
All the woes of life beguile:
And when every change is past
Take them to Thyself at last.

291

S.M.

1 HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage-day.

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 O Lord of life and love!
Come Thou again to-day:
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

4 Oh! bless as then of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

5 Before Thy gracious throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord! in one,
So bless them evermore!

292

C.M.

1 LORD! who at Cana's wedding feast
Didst as a guest appear;
Thou, dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy presence here!

2 For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The marriage vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between Thy church and Thee.

3 On those who now before Thee kneel,
O Lord! Thy blessings pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more.

4 Oh! grant them here in peace to live
In purity and love;
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above.

293

7,6,7,6.

1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

2 Be present, heavenly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam,
With him through life to abide.

3 Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join these loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

4 Be present, Holy Spirit!
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

5 Might, majesty, dominion,
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit everlasting,
The glorious Three in One.

OPENING OF A CHURCH.

294

6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.

1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God! do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

295 C.M.

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;

Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

296 L.M.

1 O GOD the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Accept this gift our hearts have sought,
Our hands in Christian love have wrought.

2 Here may the light of Gospel truth
Illumine age, enlighten youth:
In many hearts that grace begin,
Which saves from sorrow and from sin.

3 May Jesus here that power display
Which changes darkness into day,
And open wide these gates of love
That lead to blessedness above!

4 O Jesus Christ! our Sovereign Lord,
By angels and by saints adored,
Accept this tribute of our praise,
And with Thy glory fill this place.

TRAVEL BY SEA AND LAND.

297 L.M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be Thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters Thou our home.

2 O Jesu! Saviour, at whose voice,
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the mourner's heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

3 O Holy Ghost! beneath whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

4 Great God! Triune Jehovah, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

298

7.7.7.7.

1 AS the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

4 For a season called to part,
Let us, then, ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present friend.

5 Jesus! hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

299

P.M.

1 DARK is the night, and cold the wind is blowing.
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;
Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?
Hide me, my Father! till the storm is o'er.
With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds above me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around me;
I can brave the wildest storm, with His glory in my soul,
I can sing amidst the tempest—Praise the [Lord!

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the Mighty One, and strong to save.
With &c.

3 Dark is the night; but lo! the day is breaking;
Onward my bark! unfurl thy every sail!
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.
With &c.

300

8, 8, 8, 3.

1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord! we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;

The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

301 C.M.

1 JEHOVAH, God! Thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh! may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.

2 If e'er by duty called we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God! we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed alone from Thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend.

302 L.M.

1 O GOD! who metest in Thine hand
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree;

2 What time the floods lift up their voice
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar;

3 When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil;

4 Rule then, O Lord! the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, "Peace, be still."

5 Thus, with Thy mercy ever new,
Thy servants set from peril free,
Bring them, O Pilot! wise and true,
Unto the port where they would be.

303 L.M.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again!

304

11,11,11,11.

1 THE Lord is our refuge, the Lord is our guide,
We smile upon danger with Him at our side.
The billows may blacken, the tempest increase,
Though earth may be shaken, His saints shall have peace.

2 A voice still and small by His people is heard,
A whisper of peace from His life-giving word;
A stream in the desert, a river of love,
Flows down to their hearts from the fountain above.

3 Be near us, Redeemer! to shield us from ill;
Speak Thou but the word, and the tempest is still:
Thy presence to cheer us, Thine arm to defend,
No foe shall affright us with Thee for a Friend.

305

C.M.

1 WE come, O Lord! before Thy throne,
And with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh! may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to Thee;
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
And faith Thy mercy see.

3 Oh! may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast;
Then waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

306

C.M.D.

1 WHEN the disciples saw their Lord
On the rough sea appear,
While 'round the foaming billows roared,
Their souls were filled with fear:
But soon the gracious Jesus spoke
In words which peace conveyed;
For from His lips these accents broke,—
"'Tis I—be not afraid!"

2 Great God! if 'round my sinking head
The waves of sorrow roll,
The words, which then the Saviour said
Shall cheer my struggling soul!
I'll think from Thee the trial came,
Thy work of grace to aid;
And still shall hear Thy voice exclaim,
"'Tis I—be not afraid!"

307

8,7,8,7,7,7.

1 "WHO is this that calms the ocean?"
Thus they cried who were on board,
When they saw the wild commotion
Cease as Jesus spoke the word.
When the sudden calm they saw,
Wonder filled their minds, and awe.

2 He who bids the tempest riot
On the deep, and makes it swell,
He alone the storm can quiet,
Saying to it, "Peace, be still!"
He whose power to all gives birth,
All in heaven and all in earth.

3 He who calms the sea when raging,
Stills the tumult of the soul;
By His word the storms assuaging,
Storms too furious for control;
But He binds them with His hand
And they cease at His command.

4 Ye who, all your hope deriving
From yourselves, have laboured long,
To allay the storm by striving,
But have found the storm too strong;
From the hopeless labour cease,
Jesus gives the troubled peace.

NATIONAL.

308 C.M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on Thy pardoning grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments from Thy heavy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
Convert us by Thy grace!
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And we shall see Thy face.

4 If famine, plagues, or foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, be near.

309 8, 7, 8, 7, D

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.
Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Loud and long for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all;
Let that mercy veil transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

3 Hear, O God! the vows we render;
With our hosts to battle go;
Shield the head of each defender,
And confound our country's foe;
So when ceased the battle's raging,
Thine shall be the victor's praise;
And in holy bonds engaging,
We will serve Thee all our days.

310 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

1 GOD bless our native land!
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

2 Through every changing scene
O Lord! preserve our Queen:
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire, and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our Isle.

Home of the brave and free!
The land of liberty!
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

4 And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord! make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er!

311 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 GOD save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the Queen!

2 O Lord our God! arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics:
Frustrate their knavish tricks:
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all!

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
"God save the Queen!"

312 C.M.D.

1 GREAT King of nations! hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,

And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
Oh! turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round;
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
"Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord!
Then let Thy mercy spare."

313

8,7,8,7. D.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean!
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
While our hearts with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before Thee,
Seek Thy face—Thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory!
Guard our Church, and guide our Queen.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are Thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before Thy throne;

Young and old do now before Thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory!
Shield our isle, and save our Queen.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord! we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favoured nation
May those mercies ever last:
Britons, then, shall still before Thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory!
Bless Thy people, bless our Queen.

314 L.M.

1 PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

2 Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient Throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

4 Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage!

315 C.M.

1 SHINE, mighty God! on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace:
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand;

And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favoured land.

3 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

4 May our Redeemer scatter round
His choicest blessings here;
And let creation's utmost bound
Behold, adore, and fear!

5 So shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound, all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

HARVEST.

316

7,7,7,7. D.

1 COME, ye thankful people! come!
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home!
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord! quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come! with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

317

C.M.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord! was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer suns to shine;
The mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

318

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay this happy day:
Oh! let our hearts in tune be found!

2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If summer warms the fruitful earth;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain;
Still do we sing to Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When thankful voices fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest! all is Thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New, every year, Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!

319

7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days.
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord! for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord! for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise..

4 Sing we to our God above,
Praise for His redeeming love:
Let the echo forth resound
To the earth's remotest bound.
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

320

7,6,7,6. D.

1 SING to the Lord of bounty,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your Hallelujahs raise:
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move;
For seed time and for harvest
Sing songs of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing;
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Now in His holy temple
That goodness we adore,

Which crowns the fruitful seed-time
With autumn's golden store;
With hearts laid down before Him
We at His footstool fall,
And with our lives adore Him
Who is the life of all.

4 To God, the gracious Father,
In whom we live and move,
To Christ, the dear Redeemer,
Whose life in us is love;
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessed dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore!

321 P.M.

1 WE plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father!
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

322 C.M.

1 AND now, my soul! another year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my fleeting life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that still remain.

3 Awake my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair?
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new scene of time begins:
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Now seek to yield thyself to God;
And on His power depend,
For grace to guide thee in that road
Which shall in glory end.

323

7,7,7,7.

1 BLESS, O Lord! the opening year
To the souls assembled here;
Clothe Thy word with power Divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep!
Teach the hardened soul to weep:
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins and look to Thee.

3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run:
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears.
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

4 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
All Thy mercy, power, and love.

324

7,7,7,7.

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father and Redeemer! hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Whosoe'er death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God!
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

325 L.M.

1 GOD of our life! Thy constant care
With blessings crowns the opening year;
Our fleeting days Thou dost prolong,
And wak'st anew our annual song.

2 How many, many souls have fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Has his last yearly period run.

3 We yet survive! but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
They will retain the vital breath?
So near may be our time of death!

4 To Thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as Thine;
So shall they smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

326 L.M.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it at its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise
Adored through all our changing days.

327 C.M.

1 LORD! by whose providence once more
We greet the opening year,
Fresh grace and mercy to implore,
Thy children now draw near!

2 If 'tis thy will that joy and peace
Should crown our happy days,
Let love and gratitude increase;
Give thankful hearts to praise.

3 If grief or poverty assail,
Or lowly be our state,
Let not our faith or patience fail;
Give trusting hearts to wait.

4 When Satan, by his subtle power,
Would lure our souls astray,
Be thou our help in danger's hour;
Give watchful hearts to pray.

5 So, through thy grace, the opening year
Shall rich in blessings be,
And bring us, day by day, more near
To glory and to thee.

328 C.M.

1 NOW, gracious Lord! Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

329 L.M.

1 OUR Helper, God! we bless Thy Name,
Whose power and grace are still the same;
The tokens of Thy friendly care
Commence, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And mark, when we regard our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far Thine arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And, while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Would raise one sacred pillar more;
Then sing, in brighter courts above,
Unceasing strains of grateful love.

330

C.M.

1 REMARK, my soul! the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds:
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Awake, O God! my trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian's part,
And give the year to Thee.

4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies.

331

7,7,7,7. D.

1 TIME, by moments, steals away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years;
Thus another year is flown
And is now no more our own
(Though it brought or promised good)
Than the years beyond the flood.

2 But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt;
Favours from the Lord received,
Sins that have His Spirit grieved,
Marked by God's unerring hand,
In His book recorded stand;
Who can tell the vast amount,
Placed to each of our account?

3 We have nothing, Lord! to pay:
Take, oh! take, our guilt away:
Self-condemned, on Thee we call,
Freely, Lord! forgive us all.
If we see another year,
May we spend it in Thy fear;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity.

332 7,7,7,7.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:

2 Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below.
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

4 Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above!

TIME.

333 L.M.

1 GOD of Eternity! from Thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by Thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows,

Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that fathomless abyss
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show;
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of Wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure or its power.

334 L.M.

1 GREAT God! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

2 Long has Thy favour crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled,
No blasting winds our path assailed.

3 The harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored,—
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision! awful hour!
Around it let no tempest lower.

5 Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of Thy love.

335

S.M.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea!
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On to eternity!

2 Our fathers where are they?
With all they called their own,
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone!

3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a narrow cell.

4 God of our fathers, be
Our everlasting Friend!
Lord of the dead and living, we
Our souls to Thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before Thy face.

336

C.M.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

337

7,6,7,6. D.

1 O GOD! the Rock of ages
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord! the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting, Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie;
Or grasses in the meadows,
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told;
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou! who canst not slumber
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten!
On us Thy goodness rest!
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

338

P.M.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.
Nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens we lay down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 Lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is that deep, unknown stream
Cross'd ere we reach the light.

5 Jesu! perfect my trust,
Strengthen my wav'ring faith:
Be near me when I stand
Upon the shore of death;

6 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
May be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

339

8,7,8,7.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

2 "Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell).

Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell:

3 "Men, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late, in beauty blooming,
Numbered, now, among the dead.

4 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
Lord! let all our hopes be stayed;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

340 C.M.

1 SHINE on our souls, O King of Grace!
With rays of beauty shine:
Oh! let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their course be Thine!

2 Renew, with each returning hour,
The visits of Thy love:
Still on our souls Thy blessings shower,
And raise our hearts above.

3 With Thee let every week begin,
Each day be spent for Thee:
And grace each hour new triumphs win
Until Thy face we see.

4 So cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And bring us to the sweet abode
Of everlasting peace.

341 C.M.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak and dreary are the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his cheering beams,
And light and warmth depart,
And winter's chill too often seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Rise, Sun of Righteousness! and bring
Thine own renewing ray;
Turn the soul's winter into spring,
Make darkness cheerful day.

4 Great source of light, and warmth, and love!
Our drooping souls restore,
And guide us to those realms above,
Where winter chills no more.

342 C.M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense;
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God;

343 S.M

1 TO-MORROW, Lord! is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand:
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh! make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine Almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,—
Bé that one thing pursued;
Lest, now despised, we never hear
Thy pardoning voice renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

6 Teach us Thy name to fear;
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry in every careless ear
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

DEATH AND BURIAL.

344

S.M. D.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord! prepare
My soul for that great day:
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, &c.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord! &c.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, &c.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way:
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord! &c.

6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, &c.

345 L.M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No tear, no cloud, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains, or northern snows,
Believers find the same repose.

5 Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

346 7, 6, 7, 6.

1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is THERE.

2 Oh! happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 Awhile we fight the battle,
  But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown.

4 And He whom now we trust in
  Shall then be seen and known!
And they that know and see Him
  Shall have Him for their own,

5 The morning shall awaken;
  The shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
  Shall shine as doth the day.

6 There Christ, our King and Portion,
  In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
  And worship face to face.

347

6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

1 FRIEND after friend departs!
  Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
  That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
  Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
  Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

3 Thus star by star declines,
  Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
  To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

348 L.M.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene;
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.

4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to certain happiness?

5 O Lord! that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with Thee!

349 C.M.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

2 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

3 Thus much—and this is all—we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with care, and sin, and woe,
Who with their Saviour rest.

4 On harps of gold they praise His name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise Him too.

350 L.M.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown!

3 Lord! help my soul from sin to flee,
And seek her hope alone in Thee;
Apply Thy blood, Thy spirit give,
And grant me power by faith to live.

4 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

351 C.M.

1 OH! 'tis not for the dead we weep;
Their pilgrimage is done;
They have put off their armour now;
The victory is won.

2 Called from a cold and barren earth,
Their Father's courts to tread,
Why should we sorrow for their gain?
Why should we mourn the dead?

3 "If we believe that Jesus died,"
And vanquished death and sin,
Then those who fall asleep in Christ
"Our God will bring with Him."

4 They have been nurtured in that faith,
Which, while in dust and gloom,
Now grasps the stiffened hand, and lays
The loved one in the tomb;

5 Yet, trusting in the living God,—
With meek and steadfast eye,
Looks upward to "the blessed hope
Of immortality."

6 Death! thou art conquered! mighty grave!
Thou hast no honour won;
God giveth us the victory
Through His Eternal Son.

352 P.M.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee: [tomb;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee, [gloom!
The lamp of His love was thy guide through the

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee, [side!
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
But wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee: [guide!
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee, [died!
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has

353 7,7,7,7.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu! Son of David, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Jesu! Son of David, hear!

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesu! Son of David, hear!

4 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin:
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu! Son of David, hear!

5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned our load to bear,
Jesu! Son of David, hear!

6 Thou hast passed through death's dark shade,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Thou to God's right hand art near:
Jesu! Son of David, hear.

354 C.M.

1 WHEN youth or age is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Affection must demand.

2 While sorrow prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
May this dread truth—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us use the present hour
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this awakening scene
May every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh! let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose arm alone can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

355 C.M.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are truly blest!
They've fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own!
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

356 C.M.

1 WHY should we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
Since there the dear Redeemer lay,
And cheered its dreary gloom:

3 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Why should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love?

4 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

THE CHURCH ON EARTH.

357 C M.

1 A LITTLE flock! He calls His church,
Who bought her with His blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God,

2 Church of the everlasting God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amidst the voices of this earth
How feeble is her voice!

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Her feeble days are o'er:
No more a handful on the earth,
A little flock no more;

4 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

5 Then ent'ring the eternal halls
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

6 Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing;
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King!

358 C.M.

1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.

2 Now see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near,
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

3 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

4 Thou too shalt reign, He will not wear
His crown of joys alone;
And earth His royal bride shall see
Beside Him on His throne.

5 Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine!

359 S.M.

1 FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new.

3 'Tis the same story still
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.

4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

5 No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.

6 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

360

8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 FEAR not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer! your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord;
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown,
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus! grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

361

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion! city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed Thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour! if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name!
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know!

362

7,7,8,7. D.

1 HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee!
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation:
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The world despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
We raise our hearts exulting
In Thine Almighty favour;
The love Divine that made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

363

L.M.

1 JESUS! the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
The flock for which Thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.

2 Thou saw'st them wandering far from Thee,
Secure, as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wanderings trace,
And bring them to a wealthy place.

3 Oh! guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them, that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old;
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

4 Lord! bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

364

C.M.

1 LORD! in Thy truth Thy church delights,
From all corruption freed;
Unblemished worship, spotless rites,
And pure and holy creed.

2 O God! whose love our country's guides,
Once nerved with courage strong,
And still o'er us, their sons, presides,
Accept our grateful song.

3 O Christ! the truth revived among
Our sires from times of old,
Do Thou to future times prolong
And grant our sons to hold.

365

11,10,11,10.

1 NOT now, my child!—a little more rough toss-
A little longer on the billows' foam; [ing,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home!

2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing;
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling:
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go with the Name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

366 C.M.

1 NOW let the slumbering church awake,
And shine in bright array;
Thy chains, O captive daughter, break,
And cast thy bonds away.

2 Thy God incarnate on His hands
Beholds thy name engraved;
Still unrevoked His promise stands,
And Zion shall be saved.

3 He did but wait the fittest time,
His mercy to display;
And now He rides on clouds sublime,
And brings the promised day.

4 Thy God for thee shall soon appear,
And end thy mourning days;
Salvation's walls around thee rear,
And fill thy gates with praise.

367

10,10.

1 O KING of Mercy! from Thy throne on high,
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry!

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble, wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour! by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 O come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and [Guide.

9 O lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above!

368

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ our Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation—
One Lord, one faith, one birth.
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

369

10, 10, 11, 11.

1 WE'RE not of the world that fadeth away;
We're not of the night, but children of day;
The chains that once bound us by Jesus are riven;
We're strangers on earth, and our home is in [heaven.

2 Though rugged our path, and dangerous too;
Though trackless the waste our journey lies through;
The pillar of cloud that guides us on our way,
Both lights us by night and defends us by day.

3 Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide:
Before us He goes to keep and provide!
We drink of the streams from the rock that was riven;
Our bread is the manna that came down from [heaven.

4 'Mid mightiest foes most feeble are we,
Yet, trembling, in every conflict they flee.
The Lord is our banner, the battle is His,
The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.

5 Oh! soon shall we gain our own promised land;
Before His bright throne in glory shall stand;
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
"All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus! to Thee."

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

370 C.M.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 They glory in His cross alone:
They conquer by His grace;
And near the King's eternal throne
Will soon possess a place.

4 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns!
Thy God for ever lives!

371 S.M.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember Thee.

4 To Thee, to Thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode.

5 God of my life, be near!
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh! guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

372 C.M.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far!
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who worship Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet source of life divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

373

8,6,8,6,8,a.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate:
A work of lowly love to do
For God on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 If blessings which I do not ask
In my life's cup there be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly.

7 Briars beset our every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And earnest need for prayer;
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee,
Are happy anywhere.

8 In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And life of self-renouncing love
Is life of liberty.

374 P.M.

1 FATHER! Oh! hear me,
Pardon and spare me,
Quench all my terrors
Blot out my errors,
That by Thine eyes they may no more be scanned.
Order my goings,
Direct all my doings;
As it may please Thee,
Retain or release me,
All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

2 Wilt Thou to try me,
With all supply me,
Nature requireth,
Or heart desireth?
Whisper this counsel of love in my breast,
"God the most holy
Doth dwell with the lowly;
God is the purest,
The truest, the surest,
And of all treasures the noblest and best."

3 Or shouldst Thou give me
Wormwood to grieve me,
Grief to distress me,
Burdens to press me;
Welcome whatever Thy word hath decreed;
My kind Physician
Knows well my condition;
That which will hurt me,
Or heal and convert me;
God will not chasten us more than we need.

4 Griefs of God's sending
All have an ending;
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring,
Sunshine will come when the tempest is past.
Joys still increasing,
And peace never ceasing,
Faith lost in vision,
And hope in fruition;
These are the joys which I look for at last.

375 C.M.

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on His glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for His own,
And give Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And, while He pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
My wants are all supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him renown;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown!

376 L.M

1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my sad complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the friendless and the poor.

3 Did ever sinner plead with Thee
And Thou refuse his lowly plea?
Does not Thy word still pledged remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

377

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 HE walks with God, who lives a life of faith,
And builds his hope on what the promise saith:
Who, letting go this world, the next secures,
And still, as seeing things unseen, endures.

2 He walks with God, who lives a life of prayer,
And daily casts on him his every care;
Who in this sweet and sacred converse knows
The soul's refreshment, and the soul's repose.

3 He walks with God, who, as he onward moves,
Treads in the footsteps of the Lord he loves;
Who, keeping Jesus ever in his view,
Sees in his Saviour his example too.

4 Blest is the man who humbly walks with God,
And follows in the path by Jesus trod;
His way is holiness, his end is peace,
And glory crowns him when his labours cease.

378

S.M.

1 HOW various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall Thy mercies show,
Each night Thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.

4 How new Thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free;
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to Thee.

5 And we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When Christ shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

6 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

7 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon the sight,
And every pain and tear and sigh
Be drowned in endless light.

8 How various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity Thy love shall show,
And all Thy truth record.

379 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild;
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him, on whom I lean—my Strength, my Stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;

The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
My peaceful pillow of repose by night.

3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears;
The tale of love, unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

4 Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray:
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee—
Oh! what a sunrise will that advent be!

380

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life! from Thee;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus!
Because I live in Thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God and Teacher!
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah! what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest:
Oh! blessed thought! in dying,
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing;
A kingdom our reward.

381

8,7,8,7. D.

1 JESUS! I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee:
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain!
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather!
All must work for good to me.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright!

382

L.M.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon;

His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, with Him in view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt my impotence the more;
Till, late, I heard the Saviour say,
"Come unto me, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb!
Dost take me guilty as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 And now will I to sinners round
Proclaim the Saviour I have found;
I'll point to His redeeming blood,
And say: Behold the way to God!

383 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 JESUS! Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
Oh! knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I'd live;
Myself to Thee entirely give.

2 My Saviour! Thou Thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast shown:
Thou didst upon th' accursèd tree,
By guiltless blood for sin atone:
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
And ne'er may aught the stamp efface

3 O Lord! how gracious is Thy way!
All fear before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow pass away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
Lord Jesus! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire apart from Thee.

4 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus! in that appointed hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

384 C.M.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
How slow to learn Thy word.

2 Oft we frequent Thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
Such faint impressions of Thy grace
Our languid powers retain.

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! Thy sovereign aid impart,
To give Thy word success;
Write all its precepts on our heart,
And deep its truths impress.

5 Oh! speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.

385

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 LOOK up, my soul! there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly cast thyself beneath His feet,
For never needy sinner perished there.

2 Lord! I am come! Thy promise is my plea,
Without Thy word I durst not venture nigh:
But Thou hast called the burdened soul to Thee,
A weary burdened soul, O Lord! am I!

3 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest;
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord! my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from Thy side;
Unmoved I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge with "Jesus died."

5 Yes, Thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well hast Thou known what fierce temptations mean:
Such was Thy love: and now enthroned on high,
The same compassions in Thy bosom reign.

386

11,11,11,11.

1 MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come,
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes, in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down e'en on roses below;
I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,
Till ever I find them on Jesus His breast.

4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;
The bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

5 If trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heavèn more sweet at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all!

387 C.M.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord! give me life divine!
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy Word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace.

6 Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

388

7,7,7,7. D.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire:
I would seek it, Lord! in Thee:
Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Makes the joy of saints below:
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Makes the bliss of saints above.

2 Lord! it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny:
Lord! if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose!
Only from Thy love it flows:
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

389

C. M.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins which made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

390 S.M.

1 OUR life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above,
Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

2 No longer is our life
A thing unused or vain,
To us, e'en here, to live is Christ,
To us to die is gain.

3 When He who is our life
Appears to take the throne,
We, too, shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like His own.

4 Like Him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see Him as He is
And in His light abide.

5 Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life;
We live for evermore.

391

7,6,7,6.

1 SIT down beneath His shadow
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden
And gives them kind relief.

4 His righteousness "all glorious"
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee

5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

392

8,7,8,7

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest, in wonder viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

4 May I, all my weakness feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go,
Prove His death each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

5 Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my thankful heart on Thee;
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thy unveiled glory see.

393 C.M.

1 WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

4 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

5 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;

Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

6 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light!

CONFLICT AND PROGRESS.

394 C.M.

1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life!

2 Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus! stand;
Pilgrim of Christ! with ready feet,
Await Thy Lord's command.

3 The hosts of Satan pant for spoil;
How can thy warfare close?
Lonely, thou tread'st a foreign soil;
How canst thou hope repose?

4 Seek, soldier! pilgrim! seek thine home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land, whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more:

5 Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane:

6 Where founts of life their treasures yield,
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace

Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

395

C.M.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh! let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh! keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

396

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 AS every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
Saviour! till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend:
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour! while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh! lead me onward to the skies.

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus! Thy heavenly comfort shed
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

397 C.M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands Thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 That prize, with endless glory stored,
Shall brightening lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' crowns
Shall blend in common dust.

4 Then on! with sacred ardour fired,
The glorious end pursue;
So meet with joy the glad command
To bid this world adieu.

5 Blest Saviour! introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

398

P.M.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian!
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian!
When the night's longest:
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian!
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian!
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
The love of Thy Saviour
Flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian!
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian!
Ere it reposeth.
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done
Praise Him for ever!

399

7, 7, 7, 3.

1 CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day:
Near thee lurks the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey:
Hide within thy heart His word;
Watch and pray.

5 'Twas by watching and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear;
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep;
Pray, for God must speed thy way:
Narrow is the road and steep;
Watch and pray.

400 C.M

1 COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides!
Eternal life beyond the skies,
For all whom here He guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there;
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow, and pain, and sin, and care,
No more approach the blest.

3 A thoughtless world and sinful heart
With Satan now are joined;
Each acts a too successful part
In harassing the mind.

4 But struggling in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
The triumph shall be mine at length
O'er all that can oppose.

5 Then why, my soul! complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

401

7,7,7,7.

1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road
Leading to Thy blest abode
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though, in rage,
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

4 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod;
Smite He must with Father's care,
That He may His love declare.

5 Faint not, Christian! Jesu's near;
Soon in glory He'll appear;
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the crown of life.

402

7,6,7,6. D.

1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every fleeting joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade or cloy;
No longer these desiring,
Our wishes upward tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though toil is now distressing,
There is a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing
To reach that land of love.

4 Our hope is in the Saviour,
So graciously revealed;
Our strength His grace and favour,
His mighty arm our Shield.
Rejoice we, then, before Him,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
With grateful hearts adore Him,
And loud hosannas sing.

403

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 HAPPY they who trust in Jesus;
Sweet their portion is and sure;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep His own secure;
Happy people,
Happy, though despised and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight;
Thousands now may fall around us;
Thousands more be put to flight;
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care;
Though we may not boast of numbers,
In His strength secure we are;
Sweet our portion,
Who the Saviour's kindness share.

4 As a bird, beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them there:
Thus protected,
All our foes we boldly dare.

404 P.M.

1 HO! my comrades! see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!
"Hold the fort," &c.

3 See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe!
"Hold the fort," &c.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near:
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort," &c.

405

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 JESUS! at Thy command
I launch into the deep:
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all to sleep:
For Thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is Thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust Thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And all my storms subside;
Then to my succour fly
And keep me near Thy side;
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul! thy sails expand,
And haste to Jesus' breast!
Oh! may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

406

C.M.

1 O THOU! from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee,
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord! remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,
In love remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh! let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me!

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me!

5 If on my face, for Thy loved name,
Reproach and shame shall be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
Good Lord! remember me.

407

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians! onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry!
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

3 Onward, Christians! onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March in heavenly armour clad;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

5 Onward, then, to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Still through danger, toil, and woe,
Christian soldiers! onward go.

408

11,11,11,11.

1 PRESS forward and fear not! the billows may roll,
The power of Jesus their rage will control;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumults shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

2 Press forward and fear not! though trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge! whom then shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard His rod;
Then let us be stedfast and trust in our God.

3 Press forward and fear not! be strong in the Lord,
The power of His promise, the truth of His word;
Through sea and through desert our pathway may tend,
But He who hath saved us will save to the end.

4 Then forward and fear not! we'll speed on our way;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader hath trod;
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God!

409

S.M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conquèror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

410

7,6,7,6. D.

1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

411

8,7,8,7. D.

1 TAKE my soul! thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven! shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

412

7, 6, 7, 6. 7, 6, 7, 5.

1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heavèn breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh! Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

4 I've wrestled on t'ward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

5 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;

Now these lie all behind me—
Oh! for a well-tuned harp!
To join the Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band!
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

413 C.M.

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,—
He follows in His train.

3 The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in His train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

6 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

7 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

414 C.M.

1 WHEN Israel, by Divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, through all that barren land,
Their sure resource in God.

2 A cloudy pillar marked the road,
And screened them from the heat;
From the hard rock the water flowed,
And manna was their meat.

3 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them, we pass a desert too,
But Israel's God is ours.

4 His word a light before us sheds,
By which our path we see;
His love a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

5 Jesus, the bread of life, is given
To be our daily food;
And from the rock that once was riven
We drink the streams of God.

6 Lord! 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine;
I envy not the worldling's store,
Since Christ and heaven are mine.

AFFLICTION AND TRIAL.

415 L.M.

1 AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear!
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord shall make the tempter flee,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

416 C.M.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave:
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand which now witholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace;
And He who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count His mercies o'er;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hope;
Nor murmur at His rod:
He's more than all the world to me,
My Father and my God.

417

7,7,7,7.

1 GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake!

3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! He comes! He heeds my plea!
Lo! He comes! the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more,
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

418

C. M

1 INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
To feeble, helpless worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove
From enemies and storms.

3 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer their spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

4 The angels' Lord Himself is nigh
To them that love His name;
Prepared to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

5 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But, since their Saviour changes not,
What have His saints to fear?

419

7,7,7,7. D.

1 JESU! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

420

7,6,7,6. D.

1 O COMFORT to the weary!
O balm to the distressed!
To lean, when life is dreary,
Upon the Saviour's breast:
Amidst its cares and sorrows,
To feel Him always nigh;
While earth a radiance borrows,
From hopes beyond the sky.

2 O sweetness beyond measure!
To taste the Saviour's love!
And know our choicest treasure
Is safe with Him above:
To prove His care, how tender!
His providence, how wise!
Our Guardian and Defender,
Whose goodness never dies.

3 O Saviour meek and lowly!
Our never-failing friend!
Teach us to trust Thee wholly,
And on Thy grace depend:
In mercy watching o'er us,
Whene'er our feet may stray,
With gentle love restore us,
And lead us in Thy way.

4 When sorrows, Lord! o'ertake us,
Thy promises are sure;
Thou never wilt forsake us,
Thy mercies still endure:
Soon may we stand before Thee,
And see Thee face to face,
Where saints with joy adore Thee,
And ever sing Thy praise.

421

6,4,6,4. D.

1 WEARY of wandering long,
My sore heart saith,
"Show me Thy way, O Lord!
Teach me Thy path."
I thought these weary feet
Straightway would find
All rough and rugged paths
Left far behind.

2 But as I onward passed
The way grew steep,
And black clouds gathered fast,
And skies did weep.
And darkness seemed to hide
The toilsome road;
Amazed, again I cried,
"Thy way, O God!"

3 A lamp unto my feet,
God's word did prove,
A still small voice and sweet
Spoke thus in love:
"Whoso through night and day
God's way pursues,
Him shall He teach the way
That He should choose."

4 Then since He chose for me
This rugged path,
My hand in His shall be
With steadfast faith:
Each step this darksome night
Is bringing me
Still nearer to the bright
Eternity.

422

C.M. D.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away:
Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:

2 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:
Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suffering paid:

3 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death:
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath;
Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His:

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home:—
If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

423

8,8,8,8,8,8

1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower!

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep—but why should I?
Jesus still lives, for ever nigh!

2 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants may be supplied;
But Jesus knows and will provide.

3 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address;
For Jesus is my righteousness!
Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My stedfast hope shall not remove:
For Jesus intercedes above!

HOPE.

424 S.M.

1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies,
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The wind and water cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

8 Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

425 L.M.

1 IMMOVEABLE our hope remains!
Within the veil our anchor lies!
Jesus, who washed us from our stains,
Shall bear us safely to the skies.

2 Strong in His strength, we boldly say,
For us Emmanuel shed His blood!
Who then shall tear our shield away
Or part us from the love of God?

3 Can tribulation, or distress;
Or persecution's fiery sword?
Can Satan rob us of our peace,
Or prove too mighty for the Lord?

4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
Sealed with His Spirit's inward seal!
We soon shall gain the promised land
Triumphant o'er the powers of hell.

426

S.M

1 JESUS! my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer!

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near
And sees the Tempter fly:

5 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

6 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what Thou art,
And what Thy perfect will.

7 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me:
My succour and salvation, Lord!
Shall surely come from Thee!

427

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace:
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the vail,
On Christ, the Solid Rock, &c.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, &c.

4 And when the last dread trump shall sound,
Oh! may I then in Him be found;
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before His throne.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, &c.

428

11, 10, 11, 10.

1 OH! for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh! for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the shadow of earth's "little while!"

2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

3 "A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

4 "A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from heavenly fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

5 "A little while," to keep the oil from failing;
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With His bright promise of the glad "for ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while!"

429

C.M.

1 THOU refuge of my weary soul!
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 Lord! whither can my spirit flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

4 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

430

7,7,7,7. D.

1 WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath its load,
By its cares and sins opprest,
Finding here no place of rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear;
Jesus! to Thy feet we flee,
Jesus! we will look to Thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
Listenest to Thy people's groan;
Thou! the living Head, dost share
Every pang Thy members bear;
Full of tenderness Thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Thou, O Jesus! Thou hast borne
Satan's rage, the worldling's scorn:
Thou hast known the bitter hour
Of the subtle tempter's power:
Lo! Thy bloody sweat we see,
In the dark Gethsemane:
Hark! that piercing awful cry,
From the cross of Calvary!

4 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gate of heaven:
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Thy poor pilgrims to take home:
Jesus! then Thy Church shall be,
Ever, evermore with Thee.

431 C.M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

432 7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glowing sun,
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

4 Ev'n on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Ev'n on earth, Lord! make me know
Something of how much I owe.

5 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord! on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

433

L.M.

1 WHILE passing through the wilderness,
Full of temptations and distress,
What comfort does the thought afford,
Our steps are ordered by the Lord!

2 Though disappointments oft abound,
And sorrows may our souls surround,
We gain relief from this sweet word,
Our steps are ordered by the Lord.

3 When lost in life's bewildering maze,
And darkness overspreads our ways,
Oh! 'tis a soul-reviving word,
Our steps are ordered by the Lord!

4 Soon shall we reach that land of joy,
Where pleasures are without alloy;
And there with gratitude record,
Our steps were ordered by the Lord.

434

7,6,7,6. D.

1 YON shining shore is nearer!
The saints in robes of light,
With harps and golden vials,
Are almost in our sight!
Hark! at the mighty anthem,
That rolls across the sea,
"We give Thee praise and glory,
Eternal Trinity."

2 "A little while" they've left us,
To tread the desert sand,
But Jesus is beside us,
We march at His command;
And soon our dusty raiment,
We'll lay, for aye, aside,
And with our Saviour's likeness,
We shall be glorified!

3 Amidst our tears and conflicts,
We almost can discern

The radiant throne before us,—
"The lamps" that ever burn,—
The Father's dazzling Glory,—
The Lamb whose Blood was shed,—
The living, Kingly Jesus,
Who once for us was dead!

435 C.M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy:
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

436 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 CHURCHES of Christ! by God's right hand
Thick-planted in this favoured land,
If to your hearts His word be dear,
Oh! think of those who pine to hear,
Far from their native shores exiled,
A pastor's voice amid the wild.

2 Oh! let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness;
Send faithful shepherds forth, to feed
The scattered wanderers in their need;
Straight paths for feeble knees prepare
And drooping hands sustain by prayer.

3 The heathen, who in darkness lay,
Wake to the dawn of heavenly day:
But shall a worse than pagan night
O'ertake the race that dwelt in light,
And Britain's God, to Britons thrown
On distant shores, become unknown?

4 Great Shepherd of the ransomed seed!
For Thy dispersèd ones we plead:
How shall these multitudes be fed?
'Tis Thine to multiply the bread:
Thou richly hast our wants supplied;
By us, for them, for all provide.

437

P.M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song—
"All praise to Thy eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!"

438

8,7,8,7,11.

1 COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;

Let each heart Thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the Gospel now supply Thy people's need.

2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing
Which Thy word's designed to give!
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully Thy truth receive,
And for ever to Thy praise and glory live.

439 L.M.

1 FATHER of mercies! bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer!
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 Oh! let the word they preach be Thine,
And clothed with energy divine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And Thy pure Gospel to maintain.

4 Let listening multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

440 S.M.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How gracious is the voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion! behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 O Lord! make bare Thine arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

441 S.M.

1 LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad:
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure Gospel word,
The word of heavenly grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 Oh! let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.

442 L.M.

1 LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordainèd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them all with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour! like stars in Thy right hand
Let all the church's pastors be!

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign:
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine!

443 8,7,8,7. D.

1 LORD, Thy church her watch is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish!
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
  Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
  Lord Almighty! give the word!
Give the word; in every nation
  Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
  To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end; Thy church completed,
  All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
  Satan bound and banished sin:
Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
  Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
Lo! Thy church her watch is keeping,
  Come, Lord Jesus! come to reign!

444 S.M.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
  At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
  Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which may thrive;
  The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
  When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
  In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
  And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
  Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
  For garners in the sky.

5 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

445

7,6,7,6. D.

1 "SOW ye beside all waters,"
Where dew from heaven may fall:
Thou shalt reap; be not weary;
The Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorn may wound thee,
(*One* wore the thorn for thee,)
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

2 "Sow ye beside all waters,"
With blessing and with prayer;
Name Him whose hands uphold thee,
And sow ye everywhere.
Sow where the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray;
The rain from heaven descendeth
When sunbeams pass away.

3 Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days may break;
And seed in darkness nourished,
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land;
And when the evening falleth
Withhold not thou thine hand.

4 Sow, though the rock repel thee
In cold and sterile pride;
Some clift there may be riven,
Where little seeds may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
And though the tares abound,
Like willows by the waters
Will scattered grain be found.

5 Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere shades of night come on,
Ere Christ the Master cometh;
Then all our work is done.
Watch not the clouds above thee,
Let wild winds round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee,
Another hand may reap.

6 Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from the tomb;
Thou knowst not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find;
That, when the harvest cometh,
The Lord His sheaves may bind.

446

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 SPEED Thy servants, Saviour! speed them:
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them,
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord! they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
Oh! be with them:
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord! draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

4 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord! in Thee:
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

5 There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone.

447

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 VOUCHSAFE Thy gracious presence, Lord!
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear:
Thus, Lord! Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
Thus, Lord! &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And cause us, in Thy faith and fear,
To practise all that we shall hear.
Thus, Lord! &c.

4 Father! in us Thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do Thy will;
Thy saving strength and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
Thus, Lord! &c.

ALMSGIVING.

448 C.M

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Creator love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth;
And lead the mind, so prone to stray,
To holiness and truth.

4 Almighty God! Thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of Thy name be spread,
And all the glory Thine.

449 C.M.

1 FATHER of mercies! send Thy grace
All-powerful from above;
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breast
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 Since Christ to save our guilty souls
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
Should love each other too.

450

L. M.

1 HELP us, O Lord! Thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in Thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus Thy law of love fulfil.

2 "He that hath pity on the poor,
"Lendeth his substance to the Lord:
"And, lo! his recompense is sure;
"For more than all shall be restored."

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As Thou hast blessed our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received from Thee:
Freely may we rejoice to give.

5 And while we thus obey Thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
Oh! may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest to give than to receive.

451

6,6,6,6,6,6.

1 "I GAVE My life for thee;
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee:
What hast thou given for Me?

2 "I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee:
Hast thou spent *one* for Me?

3 "My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 "I suffered much for thee—
More than thy tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,—
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for Me?

5 "And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?"

6 Oh! let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Thou gav'st Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee.

452

11,11,11,11.

1 O BRING to Jehovah your tribute of praise,
The guard of your life, and the guide of your ways;
The Lord of Creation, He sits on His throne,
The gold and the silver He claims as His own.

2 Whate'er you possess, 'tis a proof of His love,
The gifts from beneath, and the gifts from above;
He gave you your treasures, the corn, oil, and wine,
The pearl of the ocean, the gem of the mine.

3 But far beyond all gifts, He gave you His Son,
To die in your stead, for your sins to atone ;
No mine's golden treasure, no pearl of the sea,
From thraldom redeemed you,—His blood set
you free.

4 The source of all riches, He needs not your aid,
The world and its wealth at His footstool are
laid ;
The beasts of the forest acknowledge His claim,
The fowls of the mountain, He knows them by
name.

5 Then what can you give, who have nought to
bestow,
But hearts full of sin, and brief lives full of woe !
The cross of His sorrows He calls you to bear,
The wants of His people He bids you to share.

6 Then yield to your Maker the gifts of His hand,
'Tis His to dispense, and 'tis His to command ;
To poor and afflicted your treasures impart,
And give to your Saviour the love of your heart.

453

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea !
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all ?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare :
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all !

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all !

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all!

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And wilt His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord! be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend:
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord! to Thee we lend,
Who givest all!

8 Whatever, Lord! we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all!

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
Oh! may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

454 S.M.

1 WE give Thee but Thine own;
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord! from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord!
We do it unto Thee.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

455 L.M.

1 AND is the Gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er unholy passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 Oh! how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be His the temper of our mind,
And His the rules by which we live.

4 Thy fair example, Lord! we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by Thy transforming grace,
O Saviour! daily more like Thee.

456 S.M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

457 C.M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

458 C.M.

1 OUR God is love; and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart, with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Oh! may we love each other, Lord!
As we are loved of Thee!
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

4 Give us, O Lord! Thy heavenly grace,
Thy holy rule to keep;
With saints rejoicing to rejoice,
With weeping saints to weep.

5 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See how these Christians love!"

6 Eternal Father! to Thy name
Be endless glory given,
Who fashionest with holy love
The hearts of Thine for heaven.

459 C.M.

1 TRY us, O God! and search the ground
Of every evil heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord!
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest;
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest.

MISSION SERVICES.

460 10,11,11,11.

1 ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom, your peace, and your surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His!

2 He dies to atone for sins not His own,
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done;
The Lord in the day of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 He answered for all who come at His call,
And low at His cross with humility fall;
Then lift up your eyes at your Saviour's deep cries;
Impassive He suffers, immortal He dies.

4 For you and for me He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

5 My pardon I claim, tho' sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' blest name:
His death, Lord! my plea: my great Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered [for me.

461 C.M.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast,
Oh! come without delay,
For there is room on Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save Thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room 'midst the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around the Father's board
For thee and thousands more;
Oh! come and welcome to the Lord,
Yea, come this very hour.

462 7,6,7,6. D.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh! blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
Oh! loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life!"
Oh! peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh! patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt.
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord! to Thee.

463

8,7,8,7,11.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able, He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money, come to Jesus Christ and buy!

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you: 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Lo! th' Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

464

11,11,11,11.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, O sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded, will soon pass away.

3 Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take His sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

4 Delay not, delay not! the hour is at hand,—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What pow'r then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

465

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1 HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding
Loud proclaims the jubilee;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners, rich and free;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

2 Is the name of Jesus precious,
Does His love your spirits cheer?
Do you find Him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think how many still are found,
Strangers to the joyful sound,

3 Brethren, join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord,
'Tis His arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word:
Father! let Thy kingdom come,
Bring the wandering outcasts home.

4 Brethren! let us freely offer,
All we have is from above;
Let us pray, and give, and suffer,
What is all to Jesu's love?
Jesus died our souls to save,
His we are, and all we have.

466

L.M.

1 HASTEN, O sinner! *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh! hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 Oh! hasten, sinner! *to return,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before thy needful work is done.

4 Oh! hasten, sinner! *to be blest,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord! do Thou the sinner turn;
Now rouse him from his senseless state:
Oh! let him not Thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

467

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 HEAR ye not the Saviour calling,
Calling from the distant shore,—
Calling o'er the troubled waters
Ever and for evermore?
"Trust the ocean now no longer,
Clouds are rising in the west;
Come to Me, and seek the haven
Where the weary be at rest."

2 Peaceful are its living waters
Rippling in the golden light,
Brighter than a sea of crystal
With eternal glory bright;
There nor sudden storm or tempest
Beats upon its tranquil shore,
There no sound, but songs of gladness
Ever and for evermore.

3 Listen, for the days are fleeting,
Listen to your Saviour's call,
Listen, whilst the heart is beating,
Ere the evening shadows fall;
Listen, for His call is louder
Than the loudest call of mirth;
Listen, for His voice is sweeter
Than the sweetest voice on earth.

4 Earthly joys are few and failing,
Waning is the summer's day;
See the shadows as they lengthen
Chasing evening lights away;
Darkness o'er your life is creeping,
Storms are brooding in the sky,—
Hear ye not your Saviour calling?
Hasten to Him ere ye die.

5 Hasten, ere the storm that's brooding
Bursts in torrents o'er your head,
Ere the sun that now is setting
Setteth o'er your dying bed;
Hasten, ere the leaves are fallen,
Ere the winter days are come,
Ere the year has lost its sweetness,
Hasten, Christian pilgrim! home.

6 Lost in holy contemplation,
Yearning for a higher sphere,
Learn to pass the night of sadness
Till the dawning draweth near;
Till ye hear your Saviour calling,
Calling from a nearer shore,
Having crossed the troubled waters
Ever and for evermore.

468 L.M.

1 HO! every one who thirsts, draw nigh
('Tis God invites the fallen race),
Salvation free and mercy buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners! obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

3 See,—from the Rock a fountain rise
For you—in living streams it rolls;
No money need ye bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls!

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind;
Freely the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

469 C.M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord!

3 Oh! may we hear the Almighty call,
And run to this relief;
We would believe Thy promise, Lord;
Oh! help our unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord! to fly!
There may we wash our sin-stained souls
From guilt of deepest die!

5 Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue:
Drive the usurper from his seat,
And form our souls anew.

6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
On Thy kind arm we fall;
Be Thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our all!

470 C.M. D.

1 HOW sweet the Gospel trumpet sounds!
Its notes are grace and love;
Its echo through the world resounds
From Jesus' throne above,
It is the sound, the joyful sound,
Of mercy rich and free;
Pardon it offers, peace proclaims;
Sinner! it speaks to thee.

2 It tells the weary soul of rest,
The poor of heavenly wealth,
Of joy to heal the mourning breast,
It brings the sin-sick health. It is, &c.

3 It speaks of boundless grace, by which
The vilest are forgiven;
To Christians it proclaims a rich
Inheritance in heaven. It is, &c.

4 To men in every clime, degree,
Its message is addressed;
The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Are with its blessings blessed. It is, &c.

471 C.M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Come, all ye hungering, starving souls!
That feed upon the wind;
And vainly strive with earthly joys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;

And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 O ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never die.

5 Great God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our deepest miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

6 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

472 C.M.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above;
For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.

2 Though, filled with awe, before His throne
Each angel veils his face,
He claims a people for His own
Among our sinful race.

3 "Repent and live;—no more pursue
"The paths that lead to death:
"Look unto Him, who died for you,
"Look, and be saved through faith!"

4 Lord! speak these words to every heart
With Thine all-powerful voice;
That we may now from sin depart,
And make Thy love our choice.

5 Among Thy happy ransomed race,
Oh! may we all be found,
The praises of redeeming grace
For ever to resound!

473

11,10,11,10,11,10.

1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue, &c.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue, &c.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.
Rescue, &c.

474

L.M.

1 RETURN, O wanderèr! return,
And seek thy injured Father's face:
These new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderèr! return:
God hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderèr! return:
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:

Go to His feet, and grateful learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderèr! return:
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, no longer mourn;
'Tis Jesu's voice invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderèr! return:
Re-enter mercy's open door;
The power of sovereign goodness learn,
And never, never wander more.

475

8,6,8,6,4.

1 RETURN, O wand'rer! to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.
Return! Return!

2 Return, O wand'rer! to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Oh! now for refuge flee!
Return! Return!

3 Return, O wand'rer! to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return! Return!

476

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Once did the voice of angels
Herald God's peace for me;
From His high throne of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears,
Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.

3 Jesus! my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me:
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be;
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.

477 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7.

1 SINNER, hear! a voice from heavèn
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgivèn,
Boundless mercy flows for thee;
Even thee, even thee;
Boundless mercy flows for thee.

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing;
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee;
Even thee, &c.

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,
"Come, and lay thy soul on Me,
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee;
Even thee," &c.

4 Come, then, now; to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will He welcome thee;
Even thee, &c.

5 Every sin shall be forgivèn;
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God and heir of heavèn,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee;
Even thee, &c.

6 There, in love for ever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling
All His mercy did for thee;
Even thee, &c.

478 P.M.

1 TELL me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon. Tell me, &c

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me. Tell me, &c.

4 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

479 S.M.

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, Sinner! come;
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all her children, Come!

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yea, whosoever will,
Oh! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord! even so we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer! come!

480

8,7,8,7,8,8.

1 THERE is a door that open stands,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance of pure light is seen,
The Saviour's love revealing.
Oh! depth of mercy! can it be,
That door is open wide for me?

2 That open door stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.
Oh! depth, &c.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's door is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
Oh! depth, &c.

4 Beside the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is givèn,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him most in heavèn.
Oh! depth, &c.

481

P.M.

1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
Far out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, weary, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord! whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

482 P.M.

1 WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along:
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe:

And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face!
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Oh! should He sadly from you turn,
From you who now His pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

483 L.M.

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me!"

4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me!"

5 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me!"

6 "Come! for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, Come to Me!"

7 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

484 P.M.

1 "YET there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.
Room, room, still room!
Oh! enter, enter now!

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.

4 It fills, it fills; that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste! 'tis not too full for thee.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7 All heaven is there: all joy! Go in, go in,
The Saviour beckons thee the prize to win.

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer! come; enter that festal hall.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last low, long cry: "No room, no room!"
No room, no room!
Oh! woful cry, "No room!"

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

485 7,6,7,6. D.

1 AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one footstool kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning!
Come with thy cheering ray:
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone.

486 L.M.

1 AND have we heard the joyful sound?
Have we the only Saviour found?
And shall we not to all proclaim
His boundless grace, His mighty name?

2 Hath God to us His glory shown,—
Shown not for merits of our own!
And shall not love constrain our heart,
This blessed knowledge to impart?

3 O Saviour! who for all hast died!
Be Thou our teacher, help, and guide;
Inflame our hearts with Christian love,
And bless our labours from above.

4 Send forth Thy light; display Thy power;
Let all confess; let all adore;
In every land Thy word be sown;
By every soul Thy truth be known!

487 L.M.

1 ARM of the Lord! awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah; God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wandering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

5 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

488

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 FAR as the isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their offerings round;
Arabia, raise the song divine,
And Afric, join to exalt His praise.

2 All princes shall adore,
And gifts and honours bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel King:
Remotest lands shall homage pay,
And earth obey His high commands.

3 His eye with pity spares
The afflicted and oppressed;
Their names the Saviour wears
Engraven on His breast:
He from on high salvation sends,
Their life defends, and hears their cry.

4 From each deceitful foe
He will redeem the soul,
His quickening grace bestow,
And make the wounded whole:
Through endless days His name shall live
And still receive perpetual praise.

489

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds! His story,
And you, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King! Creator!
In bliss returns to reign.

490

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 HARK! the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise, unheard before,
Echo from the farthest shore.

2 Hearts that once were taught to own
Idol gods, of wood and stone,
Now, to light and life restored,
Honour Jesus as their Lord.

3 Blessèd Saviour! still proceed,
Bid the glorious conquest speed;
Let this first refreshing ray
Brighten to a perfect day.

4 At Thy Gospel's solemn call,
Bid the towers of Satan fall;
And his wretched slaves obtain
Freedom from their galling chain.

5 Let the messengers of peace
Raise their voice and never cease,
Till the world, from sin made free,
Shall unite to worship Thee!

491

7,7,7,7. D.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunders roar
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner's furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end:—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

492

11,11,11,11.

1 HARK! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war!
God is with our armies, He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.

2 Go! thou mighty Gospel! conquering on thy way;
Night upon the mountains, changes into day!
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own thee victor over all.

3 O Thou blessed Saviour! reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh!
Bid their glorious mission speed from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation worship only Thee.

493

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 HILLS of the North! rejoice,
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice,
Valley and lowland sing:
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings and victory.

2 Isles of the Southern seas!
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes His great highway.

3 Lands of the East! awake,
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break.
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost West!
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song:
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

5 Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo! from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God! the bonds are free:
We come to live and reign in thee.

494

L.M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud "Amen!"

495 L.M.

1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
"The heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow."

2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear,
E'en now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores His heralds trace,
To spread the tidings of His grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

4 When worn by toil their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge in faith their way.

496

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 MEN of God! go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth!
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth!

2 Of His Gospel not ashamèd,
As the power of God to save,
Go, where Christ was never namèd,
Publish freedom to the slave!
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fears and dangers,
Jesus will His own defend;
Borne afar, 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend,
And His presence
Shall be with you to the end.

497

L.M.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word!
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard!

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord!

498. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul! be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed Jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in Thy wing:
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come!

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea!

4 Thou! to whom all power is given,
Speak the word! at Thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy name from land to land:
Lord! be with them,
Alway, to the end of time!

499

S.M.

1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!
Thy work of quickening power;
O'er earth's parched wilderness pour down
The Pentecostal shower.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
In far-off Indian lands!
Bid Ethiopia's myriad tribes
Stretch forth to Thee their hands.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Amid the Polar snows:
Let nature's frozen wastes rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Among the long-lost sheep
Of Israel's house, and bid them look
On Him they pierced, and weep.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
In this, our native isle:
With floods of light and life divine,
Make all her borders smile.

6 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
In our own souls we pray,
May all for Thy great harvest home
Be ripening every day.

500

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Oh! bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise!

Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways.
Reign, mighty God! assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power;
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of Thee:
God, our own God, His church shall bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

4 Let every land, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the saints of God,
In songs of praise combine;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing
All glory to the Eternal King!

501

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through—
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! none has taught them
Of His love, so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, oh! haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us—when we stand
In the judgment—
From some far forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
Seawards far the islands brighten,—
Light of nations! lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

502 C.M.

1 THE fields are ripening far and wide!
Lord of the harvest, hear!
Send labourers forth on every side
The precious sheaves to bear!

2 Endue them with Thy Spirit, Lord;
Thy power and love be given:
And nerve them, by Thy sacred word,
To garner souls for heaven!

3 So shall Thy church with ready mind
Confess Thy matchless grace!
And Adam's numerous sons shall find
Among Thy saints a place.

4 Islands and realms Thy power shall own,
And bring forth fruit to Thee;
And praise Thy name, blest Three in One!
Through all eternity!

503 L.M.

1 THE heathen perish; day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea life, if they may also live;
What hath your Saviour done for you!
And now your all to Him is due.

3 O Spirit of the Lord! go forth!
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from zone to zone,
God's children gather into one!

MISSIONS TO JEWS.

504 C.M.

1 ARISE, O Zion! from the dust;
Exalt thy fallen head:
Again in thy Redeemer trust:
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake! awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North"!

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

505 L.M.

1 ARISE, O Zion! rise and shine,
For thou art blest with light divine;
The glorious light of truth and grace
Now beaming from the Saviour's face.

2 Though darkness does the earth o'erspread,
Yet light and truth shine round thy head,
And on thee shall the King of kings
Arise, with healing in His wings.

3 The Gentiles, wrapt in shades of night,
Shall, wondering, come to see thy light!
And kings, from distant lands, shall meet
To worship at the Saviour's feet.

4 Then shalt thou praise thy heavenly King,
And unto Him thy tribute bring;
The isles shall for His coming wait,
While thousands crowd around thy gate.

5 All nations shall thy goodness know,
And unto thee like rivers flow;
Then God shall bid thy fears depart,
Thy borders stretch to every part.

6 The trump of war no more shall sound,
But peace shall spread creation round;
Thy reign, O Christ! shall then extend
Throughout the world, and never end.

506 C.M.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to His house we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

5 Come! then, oh! come from every land,
To worship at His shrine,
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

507 L.M.

1 GREAT God of Abraham! hear our prayer,
Let Abraham's seed Thy mercy share;
Oh! may they now, at length, return,
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn.

2 Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wanderers to Thy fold;
Remember, too, Thy promised word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

3 Though outcasts still, estranged from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive tree,
Why should they longer such remain?
For thou canst graft them in again.

4 Lord! put Thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts;
The veil of darkness rend in two
Which hides Messiah from their view.

5 Oh! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

508 C.M. D.

1 JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
Enthronèd once on high,
Thou favoured house of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky;

Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

2 Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King;
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.

3 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Until thou turn again,
And seek, with penitence of heart,
The Lamb thy sons have slain;
Till to the Saviour of mankind
Thou humbly bow the knee;
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

509 L.M.

1 OH! why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

2 O God of Jacob! view their race;
Back to the fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Haste, glorious day! expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise!

510

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 ON the mountain tops appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy signs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blest;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

511

11, 11, 12, 11.

1 REJOICE, O ye heavèns! and sing, O thou earth!
Ye mountains and forests, break forth into [mirth;
O'er His chosen the Lord, our Redeemer, doth yearn;
He calleth in mercy, "Return! Oh! return!"

2 Return, O ye lost ones! your Saviour behold;
Too long have ye wandered as sheep from His fold;
But He will not remember your shame and your [sin;
He waits to be gracious; return unto Him.

3 His love shall illumine the depth of your night;
As clouds your transgressions shall pass from His sight;
For He lendeth His ear to the penitent's cry;
He pleadeth, "O Israel! why will ye die?"

4 O daughter of Zion! arise from the dust;
Jehovah hath spoken, in Him be thy trust;
Hear, O Jacob! He bids thee not seek Him in vain;
His promise is faithful, almighty His name.

5 Behold a light shining, it beams from above;
Ye hear a sweet voice, how it whispers His love!
'Tis the lamp of salvation that brightly doth burn,
'Tis His invitation, "Return! Oh! return!"

6 "For I have redeemed thee; fear not; thou art mine.
Awake! awake, Zion! put strength on and [shine!
Gird on all thy bright garments; behold! thou art free!
My people! my ransomed! return unto Me!"

7 Rejoice, O ye heavèns! &c.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

RESURRECTION.

512 8,8,8,8,8.8.

1 JESUS! if Thee we do but meet,
In every scene, in every hour;
All that we need is there complete,
Love all divine, Almighty power;
Knowing Thy tender sympathy,
Our souls can cast their care on Thee.

2 We weep, but Thou hast also wept,
Thy tears o'erflowed at Lazarus' grave,
Such was Thy love to those bereft,
Such, too, Thy mighty power to save;
Thy voice the gates of death o'erthrew,
And bade the dead his life renew.

3 Thou art "the Resurrection," Lord!
Thy voice shall raise Thy saints that sleep;
One moment, one Almighty word,
The harvest of the just shall reap;
Their bodies raised by power divine,
Shall be, O Lord of Life! like Thine.

4 For this we wait, till then we sow,
In hope, the Body in the dust;
Not with the world's despairing woe,
For in Thy Word and Name we trust;
We then shall meet Thee in the sky,
And celebrate Thy victory.

513 8, 8, 6, 8, 8. 6.

1 O JOYFUL day! O glorious hour!
When Jesus, by Almighty power,
Revived and left the grave;
In all His works behold Him great;
Before, almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.

2 The first-begotten from the dead,
For us He rose our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

3 Why should His people now be sad?
Who should have reason to be glad
As those redeemed to God?
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives;
To them eternal life He gives,
The purchase of His blood.

4 Ye ransomed! let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
His blessèd work of love:
Be sure your labour's not in vain,
For we with Jesus soon shall reign;
With Jesus dwell above.

514 P.M.

1 SOON and for ever the breaking of day
Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away;
Soon and for ever we'll see as we're seen, [been,
And know the deep meaning of things that have
Where fightings without us and conflicts within
Shall weary no more in the warfare with sin—
Where tears and where fears and where death shall be never, [ever.
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for

2 Soon and for ever, such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes, and dust be to dust,
Soon and for ever our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee;
When cares and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,

Its pangs and its partings remembered no more
Where life cannot fail and where death cannot sever, [ever.
Christians with Christ shall be, soon and for

3 Soon and for ever the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
Soon and for ever the soldier lay down
The sword for a harp and the cross for a crown;
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near
When—blessèd reward for each faithful endeavour— [ever.
Christians with Christ shall be, soon and for

515 C.M.D.

1 TAKE comfort, Christians! when your friends in Jesus fall asleep;
Their life is hid with Christ in God;
Why then dejected weep?
O Christians! sorrow not as those
To whom no hope is given.
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

2 As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So His disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.
The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then they who live shall changèd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation shake.
The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord
Beyond the reach of woe.
A few short years of evil past
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

516 C.M.

1 'TIS sweet to think of those that rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
According to His word.

2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep;
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless cannot weep.

3 The Lord, who died, in triumph rose
Victorious o'er the tomb;
E'en so we know that, with Him, those
Who sleep in Him will come.

4 How bright the resurrection morn
On all the saints will break;
The Lord Himself will then return
His ransomed Church to take.

5 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed;
With Him for ever we shall be,
Made like our glorious Head.

517 L.M.

1 WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joy shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more!

5 Hasten, O Lord! the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display;
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
To reign in bliss beyond the skies.

518 C.M.

1 WHEN Christ, victorious from the grave,
Ascended up on high,
He gave to all His saints a pledge
That they should never die.

2 Though for a time they sleep in dust,
Each resting in his bed,
Soon the archangel's trump shall sound,
And call them from the dead.

3 If we are Christ's, and persevere,
Obedient unto death,
United to our risen Lord,
By true and living faith:

4 For us, unworthy as we are,
Against that joyful day,
A crown of glory is reserved,
That fadeth not away.

5 Help us, then, Lord! to live to Thee,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
To finish here our course with joy,
And thus in death to sing:

6 "We know that our Redeemer lives,
Who bought us with His blood;
We know that we shall live with Him,
And in our flesh see God."

519 C.M. D.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
When opening graves shall yield their charge
And dust to life awake·
Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall uncorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

2 Behold, what holy prophets sang
Is now at last fulfilled,
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.
Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
O grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O death! thy sting?

3 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;
'Twas this that armed thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
To pierce the sinner's heart;
But God, whose name be ever blest,
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us more than conquèrors
Through Christ our living Head.

4 Then let us stedfast still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescribed by God
Yet more and more abound;
Assured that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain,
But shall, through our redeeming Lord,
The crown of life obtain.

JUDGMENT.

520 S.M.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before His face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shake
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall the curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

521 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round,
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for His appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

522 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul! to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day.
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone!
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him!

523 L.M.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

3 Oh! on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

524 8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;

A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner, born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour! then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

525 S.M. D.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead!
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears,
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead! the Judge is come:
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 Oh! may we thus be found,
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
Oh! may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest.

526 C.M.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,

I see my Maker face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought;

3 When Thou, O Lord! shalt stand arrayed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear?

4 But Thou hast told the troubled one
Who doth his sins lament,
That Jesus suffered unto death,
His sufferings to prevent.

5 Then why, my soul! shouldst thou despair
Thy pardon to procure?
Since Christ, the Lord of Glory, died,
To make that pardon sure.

HEAVEN.

527 L.M.

1 AS, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;

2 So, while the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
There I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

5 Jesus! on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

528 C.M.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise:
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud these blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 Oh! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

6 Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

529

6,6,8,6,4,7.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

4 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast!
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

530 S.M.

1 I HAVE a home above
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode:
From everlasting it was planned;
My dwelling-place with God!

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure:
He passed through death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones have gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

6 And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine;
In happier holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

531 C.M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see!

532

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 JERUSALEM on high,
My song and city is;
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
Oh! happy place! when shall I be,
My God! with Thee, to see Thy face?

2 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of peace:
Oh! happy place! &c.

3 There, too, the martyr band,
Who life in death have found;
Near to the King they stand,
Their scars with glory crowned:
Oh! happy place! &c.

4 There dwells my Lord and King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And cheerful homage give:
Oh! happy place! &c.

533

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress:
I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them:
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 Oh! sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect;
Oh! sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu! in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

534 L.M.

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour! my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be false to Thee, and cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore!
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove:
There death nor life my soul shall part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

535 C.M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh! that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart!
This unbelief remove!
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

536

6,6,5,6,6,5.

1 O COUNTRY the fairest!
Our country the dearest!
We press towards thee.
O Sion the golden!
Our eyes now are holden,
Thy light till we see.

2 Thy crystalline ocean,
Unvexed by commotion
Thy fountain of life;
Thy deep peace unspoken,
Pure, sinless, unbroken,—
Thy peace beyond strife;

3 Thy meek saints all glorious,
Thy martyrs victorious,
Who suffer no more;
Thy halls full of singing,
Thy hymns ever ringing
Along thy glad shore.

4 Like lily for whiteness,
Like jewel for brightness,
Thy vesture, O bride!
The Lamb ever with thee,
The bridegroom is with thee,—
With thee to abide!

5 We know not, we know not,
All human words show not,
The joys we may reach;
The mansions preparing,
The joys for our sharing,
The welcome for each.

6 O Sion the golden!
My eyes still are holden,
Thy light till I see;
And deep in Thy glory,
Unveiled then before me,
My King, look on Thee!

537

11,11,11,11.

1 OH! had I, my Saviour! the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast!

2 Ah! there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

3 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine!
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
Oh! what will it be when the fulness appears!

538

P.M.

1 OH! to be over yonder,
In that bright land of wonder,
Where angel-voices mingle, and where angel-harps do ring;
To be free from care and sorrow,
And the anxious dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King!

2 Oh! to be over yonder!
My longing heart grows fonder
Of looking to the far-off east, to see the day-star bring
Joyful tidings of the awaking,
Of the cloudless, pure day breaking:
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the King!

3 Oh! to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and ponder— [earthly thing?
Why clings this poor weak heart of mine to any
Every tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever: [the King.
There's no more separation in the presence of

4 Oh! when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling [heavens ring?
Triumphal hallelujahs, make the vaulted
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the Morning Star is beaming!—
Oh! when shall I be yonder in the presence of
the King?

5 Oh! when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger [sing,
To join in all the praises the redeemèd ones do
'Mid the glorious heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces [King.
In awe and adoration in the presence of their

6 Oh! I shall soon be yonder,
All lonely as I wander, [bird's fleet wing.
Waiting the welcome summons, longing for the
Though the midnight may be dreary,
And the way be long and weary, [of the King.
There's no more shadow yonder in the presence

539 C.M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore!

540

8,6,8,8,6.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven:
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

541 S.M.

1 THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above,
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song!

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their crown of victory,
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesus! be our Guide;
Oh! lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!

542 P.M.

1 WE are but strangers here;
Heaven is our home.
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is our home.
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round us on every hand;
Heaven is our fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is our home.
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.

This life's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
In heaven our home,
We shall be glorified;
Heaven is our home.
There with the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
We shall for ever rest
In heaven our home.

4 Therefore we'll murmur not;
Heaven is our home.
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
We shall yet surely stand
There, at our Lord's right hand.
Heaven is our father-land,
Heaven is our home.

543 L.M.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here:"
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here:"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not this world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here:"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name; the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His, to fix my time of rest.

544

9,7,9,7.

1 WHEN shall we come to our Father's house,
In our Father's presence stand?
When shall we close our eyes on this earth,
To wake in the happy land?

2 For that fair country is always clad
With light of eternal day;
And there the face of the Lord our God
Will never be turned away.

3 The faint and weary will safely rest;
The mourner no longer pine;
And those who lived for their Lord below,
As stars in His kingdom shine.

4 The pure in heart shall behold their God,
Not darkly, but face to face;
The meek and contrite with Him shall dwell,
In that high and holy place.

5 Death cannot enter, nor sin defile
Our beautiful home above;
Where we shall bask in our Father's smile,
And sing of our Saviour's love.

6 When shall we reach the city of God,
The holy, and pure, and fair?
Far off we look on its shining gate,
And wish that we now were there.

7 Oh! blest reunion! again to meet
The loved ones, the lost, the good;
Who have washed their robes and made them [white
In the Lamb's most precious blood.

THE CHURCH IN GLORY.

545 C.M.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

6 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

546 L.M.

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Girding the throne where angels stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
What are their names, and whence came they?

2 These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

4 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.

5 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus the loud hosanna raise:

6 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

547 C.M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

548 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 HARK! how the blood-bought host above
Conspire to praise redeeming love,
In sweet harmonious strains;
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That grace triumphant reigns.

2 We'll join the song; for we can tell
How sovereign grace dissolved the spell,
That kept us bound in chains;
And still, from that auspicious day,
How oft we've been constrained to say,
That grace triumphant reigns.

3 Grace, till the tribes redeemed by blood
Are brought to know themselves and God,
Its empire shall maintain.
To call, when He appoints the day,
And from the mighty take the prey,
Shall grace triumphant reign.

4 When called to meet our glorious Head,
That perfect love shall banish dread,
Which now our soul sustains;
And, as we rise to endless day,
We'll raise our voice, and boldly say,
Grace—Grace triumphant reigns.

549

C.M.

1 HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

5 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall over them preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear,
And God, the Lord, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

550

7, 6, 7, 6.

1 OH! for the robes of whiteness!
Oh! for the tearless eyes!

Oh! for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

2 Oh! for the no more weeping,
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

3 Oh! for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face;
The hope of ever being
In that blest meeting place.

4 Jesus! Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee,
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

5 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

551 P.M.

1 'TIS the Church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb;
Heaven throughout with praises ringing,
Worthy the Lamb.
Thrones and powers before Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice ascending
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Worthy the Lamb,
Join to sing the great salvation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Loud as mighty thunders roaring,
Floods of mighty waters pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring:
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Harps and songs for ever sounding,
Worthy the Lamb;
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb.
By His blood He dearly bought us;
Wandering from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb;
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling:
Worthy the Lamb!

552

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 WHAT is earth, with all its treasures,
To the joy the Gospel brings?
Well may we resign its pleasures;
Jesus gives us better things;
All His people
Draw from heaven's eternal springs.

2 But if here we taste of pleasure,
What will heaven itself afford?
There our joy will know no measure;
There we shall behold our Lord;
There His people
Shall obtain their bright reward.

3 Fly, ye seasons! fly still faster;
Swiftly bring the glorious day;
Jesus! come, our Lord and Master!
Come from heaven without delay;
Take Thy people,
Take, oh! take us hence away!

553 L.M.

1 WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint
The joys that fill the enraptured saint,
When mixed with heaven's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song!

2 He feels no pain, he fears no want,
His portion all that God can grant;
To see the Saviour as He is,
To dwell in heaven with Him and His.

3 His love so cold, so mixed before,
In heaven is cold and mixed no more;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure eternal flame.

4 Oh! may we reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God!
For this, let every conflict here
As nothing in our sight appear.

GOD IN HIS RELATION TO MAN.

CREATION.

554 L.M.

1 HOW wondrous are the works of God,
Displayed through all the world abroad!
Immensely great, minutely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

2 He rolled the seas, and spread the skies,
Made valleys sink and mountains rise;
The meadows clothed with native green,
And bade the rivers glide between.

3 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love?

4 Blest with this faith, then let us raise
The heart in love, the voice in praise:
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed His blood.

5 Trials may press of every sort:
They may be sore, they must be short;
We now believe, but soon shall view
The greatest glories God can show.

555 C.M.

1 IF God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

2 Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds—
Oh! could we catch their strains!

3 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In each refreshing breeze that blows,
He gives us life and health.

4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

556 8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves the oppressed; He feeds the poor:
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

557

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay, and varied green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
Our beauties are but for a day.

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun, in answer, said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

3 O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair;
If thus Thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man;
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.

558

10, 10, 11, 11.

1 OH! worship the King all-glorious above!
Oh gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 Oh! tell of His might! Oh! sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
Whose chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form;
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a girdle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail!
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

559

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

1 SING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation;
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation.

With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills:
To God all praise and glory!

2 The angel-host, O King of kings!
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan;
To God all praise and glory!

3 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth.
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just and all is right:
To God all praise and glory!

4 O ye who bear Christ's holy name!
Give God all praise and glory:
All you who own His power proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story.
Cast each false idol from His throne;
The Lord is God and He alone:
To God be all the glory!

560 L.M. D.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

561 C.M.

1 THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 At early dawn there's not a gale,
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by Heaven.

3 There's not of grass a single blade
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love
And power with mercy blends.

SOVEREIGNTY.

562 L.M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

563 S.M., with Refrain.

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And His the solid ground. Praise, &c.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word. Praise, &c.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, as the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God. Praise, &c.

564 C.M.

1 FATHER! how wide Thy glory shines!
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read Thy patience still.

3 But, Father! in Thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
We see both truth and mercy shine
In their divinest forms.

4 And thus the glories of the Lamb
Fill heaven and earth with praise;
Archangels learn Immanuel's name,
And celebrate His grace.

5 Oh! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

565 C.M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

566 L.M.

1 JEHOVAH reigns! O earth, rejoice;
Ye ransomed isles, exalt your voice;
Make every hill and vale around
Responsive to the welcome sound.

2 Though far removed from mortal eye,
He reigns in glorious majesty;
Himself in awful clouds concealed,
His truth, His justice stand revealed.

3 Yes, Jesus reigns; the Gospel's light
Beams with mild radiance on our sight,
And fallen man, redeemed, forgiven,
May lift his heart, his hope, to heaven.

4 Oh! then, obey His sacred Word,
All ye who love and fear the Lord;
Go, publish through His wide domains
The glorious truth, "Jehovah reigns!"

567 C.M. D.

1 SAVIOUR Divine, Thou art my King;
My King in heaven above;
Low at Thy feet myself I fling,
And long to show my love.
But dare I any words employ
To speak of love to Thee,
Who didst endure so much with joy
To show Thy love to me?

2 Oh! yes, I dare to speak of love;
For all this love of mine
On me descended from above,
A royal gift of Thine.
But, Lord! send forth in clearer stream
This first, this noblest grace,
That brighter still the love may beam,
Reflected from Thy face.

3 Thy servant then, my King! to be
I'll reckon a delight;
The heaviest burden borne for Thee
Becomes a service light:
A loyal subject I would be,
A very slave of Thine;
But all Thy slaves have liberty,—
A liberty divine.

4 And as this bright, this heaven-born joy
Shall through my nature thrill,
Then shall it be my glad employ
To do Thy Sovereign will.
And may my constant tribute be,
A humble heart to bring,
Each day more closely knit to Thee,
My own true Lord and King.

568 7,7,7,7.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise;

All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command:

2 Times of sickness and of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief:

3 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste the Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O Thou gracious, wise, and just!
Unto Thee my life I trust:
May I always own Thy hand,
Still to the surrender stand!

5 Thee at all times I will bless;
Having Thee, I all possess:
How can I bereavèd be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

569 L.M.

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth! and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4 Oh! when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

5 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

570

C.M.

1 'TIS by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to lower.

2 Thy morning light, and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are Thine:
When clouds distil in fertile showers,
The Author is divine.

4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings still:
Thy goodness crowns the year.

571

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 WHOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King?
The Tower to which we flee,
The Rock to which we cling:
Oh! for a thousand tongues to show
The debt that we to mercy owe!

2 The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose,
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close:
To God we cried in strong despair,
And God was nigh to hear our prayer.

3 Above the storm He stood,
And awed it to repose:
He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes;
He set us in a wealthy place,
And there upholds us by His grace.

4 Whom should we love but Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King?
The Tower to which we flee,
The Rock to which we cling:
Oh! for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe!

572 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His name record;
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great name address.

2 God through the world extends His sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are;
With Him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell
Companion to the greatest there.

PROVIDENCE.

573 L.M.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,

While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The day is taught by Thee to rise,
The night by Thee to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer beams with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

574 C.M.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And Portion evermore.

575 C.M.

1 O LORD! we would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
Our best, unfailing Friend.

2 When human cisterns all are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May we with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
While there's a fountain near;
A fountain which doth ever run,
The fainting heart to cheer?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
Apart, O Lord! from Thee:
We must have all things and abound,
Through Thy sufficiency.

5 Oh! that we had a stronger faith
To look within the veil;
To credit what the Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

6 He that has made our heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can we be poor?
Christ, who for us has died.

7 O Lord! we cast our care on Thee,
And triumph and adore:
Oh! that our great concern may be,
To love and please Thee more!

576 L.M.

1 OH! taste and see that He is good,
The King of heaven, who reigns on high!
His truth through ages firm hath stood,
His mercy reaches to the sky.

2 Good in the sunshine and the shower,
When summer skies are bright and warm:
Good, when the wintry tempests lower,
Amidst the whirlwind and the storm.

3 Oh! taste and see that He is good,
The Lord of providence and grace!
He calms the surges of the flood,
And guards us from His holy place.

4 Good, when He smites, and when He heals,
And when He gives, or takes away:
Good, when His goodness He conceals,
In sorrow's dark and cloudy day.

5 Oh! taste and see that He is wise!
Who chastens sore with grief and pain;
Then bids the light in darkness rise,
To cheer the mourner's heart again.

6 Oh! teach us, Lord! to trust Thy love,
To taste Thy goodness, and adore!
In clearer light Thy saints above
Shall see and praise Thee evermore.

577

7,6,7,6. D.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavèns
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

578 C.M.

1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Throughout the earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
How soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves!

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints who taste Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy name.

579

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or in the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

580

8, 8, 8, 6.

1 TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?—
"'Tis I; be not afraid.

2 'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me:
They bear no breath of wrath to thee:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

4 This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

6 When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I; be not afraid."

LOVE AND GRACE.

581 C.M.

1 COME ye, who know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold His patience, bearing long
With those who from Him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
To teach them "God is love."

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above,
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that "God is love."

5 Oh! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

582 C.M.

1 FATHER! to Thee our souls we lift,
On Thee our hope depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is Thine.

4 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Thou, Lord! art all in all.

583 8,7.8.7.

1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss He gives, and woe he lightens:
God is light, and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Worlds decay, and ages move,
But His mercy waneth never:
God is light, and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is light, and God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

584 S.M.

1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace turned our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught our souls to pray,
And made our eyes o'erflow;
'Tis grace which keeps us to this day,
And will not let us go.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise,

6 Oh! let Thy grace inspire
Our souls with strength divine!
May all our powers to Thee aspire,
And all our days be Thine!

585

10,10,10,10,4.

1 IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour Jesus; yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour Jesus; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour Jesus; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

4 But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know,
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring!
My vessel fill.

5 I am a helpless sinner—not one thought
Or look of love I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this the empty sinner's only plea—
Thou lovest me.

6 Oh! fill me, Saviour Jesus, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above!
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

7 And when my Saviour face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

586 C.M.

1 JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than JESUS, Son of God.

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
To penitents how kind!
To those who seek how good Thou art;—
But what to those who find?

4 Ah! this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 JESUS! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

587 C.M.

1 LORD Jesus! are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above.

2 Such was Thy love, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down;
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
On earth were borne by Thee;
The sting, the curse, the wrath were Thine
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Ere long shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

588

8,7,8,7. D.

1 LOVE divine! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling:
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! Thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing:
Glory in Thy precious love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, and spotless may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

589

L.M. D.

1 MY Father! when I hear Thy voice
These accents make my heart rejoice,
And darkness from my soul remove,
"Loved with an everlasting love."
Though tossed on life's dark stormy wave!
Though billows foam and tempests rave,
I hear Thy voice the storm above,
"Loved with an everlasting love."

2 When days and nights of mourning come,
And sorrow makes my heart her home,
These tender words my comfort prove,
"Loved with an everlasting love."
Though anguish rack my feeble frame,
Thy watchful care is still the same;
These accents every doubt remove,
"Loved with an everlasting love."

3 When sore the combat, sharp the strife,
These words renew my strength and life,
"Thou yet shalt more than conqueror prove,
Loved with an everlasting love."
When rough my path and worn my feet,
When fainting 'neath the noontide heat,
Still onward, upward, I can move,
"Loved with an everlasting love."

4 And when the tempter's wiles are tried
To lure me from my Saviour's side,
These tones forbid my feet to move,
"Loved with an everlasting love."
My Father! in Thy smile of light,
This weary waste of earth looks bright;
And this shall be my heaven above,
"Loved with an everlasting love."

590

C.M.

1 O BLESSÈD Saviour! is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Then let us give our love, our hearts,
Our lives, our all, to Thee!

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
That in Thyself we see:
We love Thee for the shameful cross
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain,
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

5 Thou wouldst like feeble man be made,
In everything but sin;
That we as like Thee might become,
As we unlike have been:

6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory changed,
As we behold Thy face.

591

5,5,11.

1 O JESU! our Lord!
Thy name be adored,
For all the rich blessings conveyed by Thy word.

2 In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

3 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy—salvation through blood.

4 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

5 This blessing be mine,
Through favour divine!
But oh! my Redeemer! the glory be Thine!

6 The work is of grace;
Thine, Thine be the praise;
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of Thy ways!

592

8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
My thirsty spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh! that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord! be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh! that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

593 P.M.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Oh! how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh! how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh! how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh! how He loves!
Think, oh! think how much we owe Him,
Oh! how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh! how He loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus,
Oh! how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us,
Oh! how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him:
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh! how He loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven,
Oh! how He loves!
Backwards shall our foes be driven,
Oh! how He loves!

Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,
Oh! how He loves!

594 8,7,8,7,7,7.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in Him, to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

595 L.M.

1 "SEE how He loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how He loved! who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3 See how He loved! who, firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue:
Though oft provoked, He ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how He loved! who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up His breath.

5 Such love can we unmoved survey?
Oh! may our breasts with ardour glow
To tread His steps, His laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show!

596

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 SOVEREIGN grace! o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth or length can tell?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell!

2 What from Christ the soul can sever,
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands:
None shall pluck thee
From the strength of Israel's hands.

3 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
Long 'ere time its race begun!
To His name eternal praises!
Oh! what wonders love hath done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union, one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free,
Say, while lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally.

597

8,8,8,8

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

598

S.M.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His Almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present His saints
Unblemished and complete
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

599

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 WE cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move,
But we can always surely say
That Thou art love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth—our souls to heaven above
As to their sanctuary spring,
For Thou art love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art love.

4 Yes, Thou art love!—a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;—
Our God is love.

REDEMPTION.

600

L.M.

1 AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah! wake!
Retune thy strings for Jesu's sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

2 When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe His cloudy car,
Where, where, oh! where shall man retire
To escape the horror of His ire?

3 'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees His Well-belovèd's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

4 While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

5 Yet courage: days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
And, washed in Jesu's cleansing blood,
Shall safely pass through Jordan's flood.

6 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

601 C.M.

1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That joined in counsel to restore
And save our ruined race.

2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

3 Blest be the Lord, that sent His Son
To take our flesh and blood!
He for our lives gave up His own,
To make our peace with God.

4 He honoured all His Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

5 Behold Him rising from the grave;
Behold Him raised on high;
He pleads His merit, there to save
Transgressors doomed to die.

6 There on a glorious throne He reigns,
And by His power divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

8 Oh! may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face;
And, with the blest assembly there,
Sing His redeeming grace!

602

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, &c.

5 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee, &c.

603

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Display Thine attributes divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share:
Who is a pardoning God, &c.

3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon, bestowed through Jesu's blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
Who is a pardoning God, &c.

604

C.M.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary;
Nor let His saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

605

L.M.

1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord;
He bowed His ear, and heard my cry;
My soul from depths of woe restored,
And brought His saving mercy nigh.

2 Blest are the men who put their trust
In Thee, O God! in Thee alone!
Thy word is true, Thy ways are just.
Thy wonders infinite, unknown.

3 See where the gates of heaven unfold,
The Son descending from above;
The saints and angels view, unrolled,
The counsel of eternal love.

4 Behold, the heavenly Preacher stands,
His Father's goodness to proclaim;
And wears, engraven on His hands,
Each humble, contrite sinner's name.

5 The load of all our guilt He bears,
With curses burdened, not His own;
Yet still His Father's love declares,
And makes His grace to mortals known.

6 Incarnate Saviour! Prince divine!
Thy boundless mercy we adore:
Oh! may our souls be wholly Thine,
In life, in death, and evermore!

606

S.M. D.

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild,
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head:
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul They fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

5 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

607

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the Gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The Paschal sacrifice,
The blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile the soul to God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For He who can for sin atone,
Must have no failing of His own.

4 The scapegoat on his head
The people's trespass bore;
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more.
In him, the Saviour seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free,
The type well understood
Expressed the sinner's plea;
Described a guilty soul discharged,
And by a Saviour's death enlarged.

6 Jesus! we love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of Thy grace,
The same in every age;
Oh! grant that we may faithful be,
To clearer light vouchsafed by Thee.

608 L.M.

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb that once was slain;
Yet we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, "He suffered thus,"
But that He "suffered all for us."

3 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

4 O glorious hour! it comes with speed;
We shall behold, from darkness freed,
The Incarnate God, who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

609 C.M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eye the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and oh! amazing love!
He came to our relief.

3 Down from His glorious seat above
On wings of love He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

610 S.M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its Chief Belovèd chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.

4 Now, sinners! dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

5 May we obey the call!
And lay a humble claim
To the salvation He hath brought,
And love and praise His name.

611 L.M.

1 SALVATION is of God alone,
The glorious plan is all His own;
In love He formed the great design,
And here His grace and wisdom shine.

2 Salvation is of God alone,
One only victim could atone
For human guilt; that victim He,
Who claims with God equality.

3 Salvation is of God alone,
'Tis He who breaks the heart of stone;
Who makes self-righteous boasts to cease,
And gives the troubled conscience peace.

4 Salvation is of God alone,
'Tis He who leads His people on;
'Tis He who makes their burdens light,
And shields them in the day of fight,

5 Salvation is of God alone;
This truth let all His people own,
And to His name the praise be given,
By saints on earth, and saints in heaven.

612 C.M., with Chorus.

1 SALVATION! oh! the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lord for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. Glory, &c.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. Glory, &c.

613 C.M.

1 THOU blest Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee:
No music like Thy saving name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 Oh! may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec!

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
While in the world we stay;
We'll sing our Saviour's precious name
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favoured throng,
Then we will sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

614

8, 8, 6.

1 TO Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Hallelujah!

2 To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His life our ransom-price,
Sing we Hallelujah!

3 To Him who died, that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Hallelujah!

4 To Him who rose, that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah!

5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Hallelujah!

6 To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Hallelujah!

7 To Him be glory ever more;
Ye heavenly hosts! your Lord adore:
Sing we Hallelujah!

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah!

615

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

1 WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

2 Who is this, a Man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side:
Nails His hands and feet are tearing,
And a spear hath pierced His side?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

616

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoil He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour now victorious,
  Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour—Oh! how glorious
  To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
  'Tis the blood of many slain:
Of His foes there's none remaining,
  None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected
  By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected;
  'Tis an everlasting throne;
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains!

INTERCESSION.

617

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise!
  Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
  In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
  For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
  His precious blood, to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And pleads before the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He would not turn away
The presence of His Son:
The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father!" cry.

618 C.M.

1 AWAKE! sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 His all-atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to His claim:
"Father, I will that all My saints
Be with Me where I am."

3 Eternal life, at His request,
To every saint is given;
Grace here below, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

4 Lord, let the incense of Thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And as its virtue, so my praise,
Shall never, never end.

619 C.M.

1 BEFORE the glorious throne above
The great Redeemer stands;
There pleads His all-atoning blood,
His wounded side and hands.

2 There, as a Lamb but newly slain,
For us He now appears;
And all the scars which He received
His glorious body bears.

3 An everlasting Priesthood He
For us has now obtained,
Whose garments with His precious blood
Were once so deeply stained.

4 Because He lives, we also live,
And shall in glory reign!
To fit our souls for that blest state,
The Lamb of God was slain.

620

L.M.

1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to His everlasting throne,
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,
Is Jesus, our Forerunner, gone!

2 High in the world of heavenly light,
Eternal glory He sustains;
Whilst saints and angels view the sight,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, reigns.

3 Before His heavenly Father's face,
For every saint He intercedes:
For mercy and abounding grace
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.

621

8, 8, 8, 6.

1 O THOU! the contrite sinner's friend,
Who loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace
Then, Saviour! plead for me.

3 If I have erred and gone astray,
Deaf to Thy voice and lost my way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour! plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh! plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Then, to preserve from guilt and fear,
Lord! to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
Thus pleading still for me.

622

6,6,6,6,8,8.]

1 THE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

623 L.M.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And there at God's right hand appears.

2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 There as our advocate He reigns,
Touched with the feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His groans, and agonies.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part:
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 Oh! let us, then, before His throne,
With boldness make our sorrows known,
And seek, from fears mistrustful freed,
His grace to help in time of need.

624 C.M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
  Poured out His cries and tears,
And still, in glory, feels afresh
  What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
  But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
  Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
  His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
  In each distressing hour.

ADOPTION.

625 8,8,8,8.

1 BEHOLD what unspeakable love
  The Father on us hath bestowed,
To send down His grace from above,
  And call us the children of God!

2 Although, while continuing here,
  Heaven's glory is hid from our eyes,
We know that when He shall appear,
  We shall in His image arise.

3 How pure and serene is the ray
  That brightens those regions of bliss!
All darkness will then melt away,
  And God will be seen as He is.

4 Oh! why should earth's pleasure detain
  The souls that have God for their Friend,
That hope in His presence to reign,
  And taste of His love without end?

5 Grant, Lord! that the prospect of peace
  Which Thou to Thy children hast given,
May teach us from folly to cease,
  And lay up our treasure in heaven.

626

7,7,7,7,7,7

1 BLESSÈD are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

2 God did love them, in His Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.
With them, &c.

3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them, &c.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefiled.
With them, &c.

5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
With them, &c.

6 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood!
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, &c.

627

C.M

1 CHILDREN of God! oh! blessèd name,
May we His children prove!
And thus be saved from guilt and shame,
And loved with endless love.

2 'Tis by a true, a living faith
In Christ our living Head,
We share an interest in His death,
And are His children made.

3 This faith bestow on us, O Lord!
That we may daily show
We are Thy children bought with blood,
And saved from endless woe.

4 Thus may we feel an inward peace,
Thee, as our Father, love,
And join, when this short life shall cease,
Thy family above.

628

7, 7, 7, 7

1 HAPPY Christian! God's own child,
Chosen, called, and reconciled;
Once a rebel far from God,
Now brought nigh by Jesu's blood.

2 Happy Christian! look on high,
See thy portion in the sky;
Fixed by everlasting love,
Who that portion can remove?

3 Happy Christian! though the earth
Knows not now thy heavenly birth;
Yet thy God shall soon proclaim
Through all worlds thy favoured name.

4 Happy Christian! hear Him say,
"Turn thy heart from earth away;
Leave the world and all its woes,
See in Me thy full repose."

5 Happy Christian! look on high,
Christ, thy Lord, thy Life, is nigh;
Soon thou shalt His glory see;
Learn His wondrous love to thee.

629 C.M.

1 HOW blest are they to whom the Lord
His gracious name makes known,
And by His Spirit and His Word
Adopts them for His own.

2 He calls them to His mercy-seat,
And hears their humble prayer;
And when within His house they meet,
They find His presence there.

3 Though men despise them or reprove,
They count the trial small;
Whoever hate, if Jesus love,
It makes amends for all.

4 If meanly clad and coarsely fed,
And, like their Saviour, poor,
They would not change their Father's bread
For all the worldling's store.

5 O Lord! assist our souls to pay
The debt of praise we owe;
That life to us may be a day
Of heaven begun below.

JUSTIFICATION.

630 C.M.

1 AS when the Hebrew prophet raised
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded looked, and straight were cured;
The people ceased to die:

2 So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to Him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.

3 Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared;
No weapons in His hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard.

4 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore:
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

631 7,7,7,7.

1 BRETHREN! let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness!
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

2 Son of God! to Thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the woman's promised Seed,
Glory of Thy church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest, and King;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more;
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

632 7,7,7,7.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Whence to me this wealth of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Pleads His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love; I know, I feel,
Jesus loved and loves me still.

5 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now!

633 11,11,11,11.

1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self would I see—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be;

3 My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

4 My Cable, my Anchor, my Treasure, my Boast,
The Lord is my Ransom! I ne'er can be lost;
In Him I shall conquer by flood and by field,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my breastplate and shield.

634 L.M.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

635 S.M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

636

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
My soul's sure anchor may remain,
The Lamb of God, for all my sin
Before the world's foundation, slain!
His mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O Saviour! Refuge! Hiding-place!
My sins are cancelled all by Thee;
And covered my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free:
Thy blood divine, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though health, and strength, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast hope relies,
Saviour! Thy mercy never dies.

4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though heart should fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
Though earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

637

7,6,7,6.

1 THE sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne,
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.

2 The sprinkled blood is speaking
Forgiveness full and free,
Its wondrous power is breaking
Each bond of guilt for me.

3 The sprinkled blood is pleading
Its virtue as mine own,
And there my soul is reading
Her title to the throne.

4 The sprinkled blood secureth
Our mansions bright and fair:
Their sinless joy endureth,
We rest with Jesus there.

638 C.M.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt.

2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word;
And humbled low, confess their guilt
Before heaven's righteous Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace:
The law that shows the sinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his face.

4 Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

5 With Christ the Lord we died to sin;
With Him to life we rise—
To life, which now begun on earth,
Is perfect in the skies.

SANCTIFICATION.

639 L.M.

1 FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand:
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord!
I left my Guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep Thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell:
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I may learn His statutes well.

4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit formed my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

5 Then all that love and fear the Lord
In my salvation shall rejoice:
For I have hopèd in Thy word,
And made Thy grace my only choice.

640 P.M.

1 GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
Oh! what love, what wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.
Oh! what, &c.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessèd rest from conquered sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
Oh! what, &c.

4 Believing souls! rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.
Oh! what, &c.

5 Of vict'ry now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ, the Lord, our King,
Oh! what, &c.

641 C.M.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power Divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit! Thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes:

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these sinful hearts of ours,
And give them life Divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be Thine!

642 6,5,6,5, or 11,11.

1 JESU! meek and gentle, Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour, hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences, loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom, fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus! to the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey, be Thyself the way;
Through terrestrial darkness, to celestial day.

5 Jesus! meek and gentle, Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour, hear Thy children's cry.

643 C.M.

1 JESUS; exalted far on high!
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name,
That's named in earth or heaven;

2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord;

3 Jesus! who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame;

4 Oh! may that mind be formed in us,
Which shone so bright in Thee;
May we be humble, lowly, meek,
From pride and envy free:

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

644

7,7,7,7.

1 LORD! do Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Let me like our Master be
Clothèd with humility;

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with what the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father! fix our souls on Thee;
Every evil let us flee;
Always happy in Thy love;
Looking for our rest above.

4 All that seek will surely find
Every good in Christ combined.
Him let Israel still adore;
Trust and praise Him evermore.

645

6,5,6,5. D.

1 MORE holiness give me,
More sweetness within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care,
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word.
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief,
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More victory give me,
More strength to o'ercome,
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home,
More fit for the kingdom,
More useful I'd be,
More blessèd and holy,
More, Saviour! like Thee.

646 P.M.

1 NEARER, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderèr,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven :
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

5 And when my Lord again
Glorious shall come,
Mine be a dwelling-place
In Thy bright home,
There evermore to be
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

647 L.M.

1 OH! come Thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in Thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know Thy love : then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou our breast, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King!
That Thou shouldst man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

6 First born of many brethren Thou!
To Thee our hearts and souls we bow:
Help us to Thee our all to give:
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

648 C.M.

1 OH! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love!

649

L.M

1 OH! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour! set us free:
And as our treasure is above,
Be there our thoughts, be there our love.

2 But oft, alas! too well we know,
Our thoughts, our love, are fixed below;
In every lifeless prayer we find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

3 What can that frozen bosom move,
That melts not at the Saviour's love?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
That will not chant the Saviour's praise?

4 Lord! draw our best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to Thee they rise.

650

C.M.

1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need!
Thy heavenly succour give!
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With grief and anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord! the more!

3 O help us, through the power of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive!

4 O help us, Jesu! from on high!
We know no help but Thee;
And help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

651 S.M.

1 O LORD! I look to Thee,
To Thee lift up my heart;
In Heaven I would Thy glory see;
Now, therefore, grace impart.

2 Grace, to prevent my sin,
My passions to subdue,
My heart to change, my soul to win,
My spirit to renew.

3 Grace, every hour to bend
My stubborn will to Thine,
Till I in mind and heart ascend
To where the angels shine.

4 Grace, that I ever may
Walk humbly with my God;
And choose the self-renouncing way
The lowly Jesus trod.

5 Grace, to be kind to all,
All to forbear in love;
Gently to deal with those that fall,
Like Him who reigns above.

6 Grace, onward still to go;
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow:
Christ's crown of righteousness.

7 Lord! give me this rich grace;
Oh! give Thyself to me,
That I may dwell before Thy face,
And all Thy glory see!

652 C.M.

1 OH! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 Oh! send Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord;
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

653 L.M.

1 O THOU who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand!
Our wayward erring hearts incline
To have no other will but Thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all, may grace victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And, while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,—
Until the joyful summons come
That calls Thy willing servants home.

654 C.M.

1 ON Thee, Thou God of purity!
I wait for hallowing grace!
None without holiness shall see
The glories of Thy face.

2 Jesus! the sinner's only Friend,
Uphold me, or I fall:
O may I ne'er on self depend,
But lean on Thee for all!

3 Lead me, my Saviour! in Thy ways,
Nor suffer me to slide;
Thy Spirit send, through all my days,
To be my constant guide!

4 My soul with Thine own presence bless,
Then sin shall be subdued;
I'll sing Thy spotless righteousness,
And own Thy cleansing blood!

5 All those that put their trust in Thee,
Thy mercy shall proclaim;
And sing with cheerful melody
The great Redeemer's name.

655 7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 QUIET, Lord! my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide!

4 Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love!

656 C.M.

1 THOU boundless source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
And help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

2 In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

3 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that change may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

4 Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us Thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

5 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care:
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there

657 L.M.

1 WHILE health, and strength, and youth remain,
And pleasure flows, unchecked by pain,
Lord! for Thyself my soul prepare,
By faith, and penitence, and prayer!

2 Lo! when the snares of sin are spread
Around my unsuspecting head,
Thy grace shall Satan's power control,
And from temptation guard my soul.

3 Whene'er the cares of life molest,
And sorrows whelm my troubled breast,
Thy Word shall bid the tempest cease,
And faith reveal the Prince of peace!

4 And when my health and youth decay,
When life's gay visions melt away,
Eternal bliss my soul shall prove
In realms of everlasting love.

MAN IN HIS RELATION TO GOD.

REPENTANCE.

658 S.M.

1 A SINFUL man am I,
Therefore I come to Thee;
To Thee the Holy and the Just,
That Thou may'st pity me.

2 Wert Thou not holy, Lord!
Why should I come to Thee?
It is Thy holiness that makes
Thee, Lord! so meet for me.

3 Wert Thou not gracious, Lord!
I must in dread depart;
It is the riches of Thy grace
That win and draw my heart.

4 Wert Thou not righteous, Lord!
I dare not come to Thee;
It is a righteous pardon, Lord!
Alone that suiteth me.

5 Our God is love; we come;
Our God is light; we stay;
Abiding ever in His word,
And walking in His way.

6 Mercy and truth are His,
Unchanging faithfulness;
The cross is all our boast and trust,
And Jesus is our peace.

7 We give Thee glory, Lord!
Thy Majesty adore;
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
We bless for evermore

659 C.M.

1 A SINNER, Lord! behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed:
But Jesus sits at Thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

2 And Thou canst change this evil heart,
Canst give a holy mind;
And His own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.

3 To heaven can reach the softest word,
A child's repenting prayer;
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.

4 Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

660

C.M.

1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord!
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of Thy Word,
And break these hearts of stone!

2 Oh! that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 That blessèd sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

661

7, 7, 7, 7

1 FATHER! to Thy sinful child
Though Thy law is reconciled,
By Thy pardoning grace I live,
Daily still I cry,—forgive.

2 Since my ransom-price He paid,
On whose head my guilt was laid,
Humbly at Thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.

3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay;
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have failed to shun;

4 Trespasses in word or thought;
Deeds from evil motives wrought;
Cold ingratitude, distrust;
Thoughts unhallowed and unjust

5 Gracious Lord! and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

6 Much forgivèn, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God! hast pardoned me.

662 L.M.

1 OH! for a bright celestial ray
To melt my stubbornness away;
To thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of yielding all things show some sign,
Except this hardened heart of mine.

3 To know the sorrows Thou hast felt,
O Lord! an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
Yet stubborn is this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgment, too, which devils fear,—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To lead this stubborn heart of mine.

5 Thy Spirit, Lord! can do the deed;
His melting, saving power I need;
Oh! may it now my dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine!

663 S.M

1 OH! that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to Thy gracious eyes present
A humble contrite heart.

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

3 Jesus! on me bestow
The penitent desire:
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

FAITH.

664 10, 10, 11, 11.

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be the way, since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told us no less:
The heirs of salvation, we know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food!
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh! how pleasant the conqueror's song!

665 C.M.

1 FAITH adds new joy to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Fresh aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 Faith mortifies the love of sin,
Kindles the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 Faith draws aside the veil of heaven,
Where unknown glories reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith holds to view the promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, there, unshaken may we rest,
Till this poor body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

666 S.M.

1 FAITH! 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To Him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
If faith direct our way.

5 Lord! 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To work this faith in me!

667 C.M.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God!
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

668 P.M.

1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord! to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
I am coming, &c.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
I am coming, &c.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
I am coming, &c.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
I am coming, &c.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!
I am coming, &c.

669 C.M. D.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that live-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

670

7,6,7,6 D.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I tell my wants to Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

671

6,6,8,6,8,8.

1 JESUS! we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside!
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
Our weary souls alone can rest.

2 Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood
Once shed on Calvary;
The curse is gone—through Thee we're blest;
God rests in Thee—in Thee we rest.

3 The slaves of sin and fear,
Thy truth our bondage broke,
Our happy spirits love to wear
Thy light and easy yoke;
The love which fills our grateful breast,
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

4 Soon the bright, glorious day—
The rest of God—shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our home:
Then of the promised land possest,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

672

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God!
Our tongues would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
Our guilty souls require
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 We love our Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
Our wandering souls among
The thousands of His sheep.
He feeds His flock; He calls their names;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 Divine, almighty, Lord!
Our Conqueror and our King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing;
Thine is the power; oh! may we sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet!

673 C.M.

1 OH! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe:

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God:

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed:

5 Lord! give me such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home!

674 C.M.

1 THOU art the Way—by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord! by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—Thy word alone
  True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
  And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
  Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
  Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
  Grant us that way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
  Whose joys eternal flow.

675

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
  O Saviour! this our sinful earth;
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
  And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

2 We were not with Thee on the wave,
  When Thou the stormy sea didst bind;
Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
  To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

3 We did not see Thee lifted high
  Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek imploring cry,
  "Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

4 We stood not by the empty tomb
  Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
  Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
  "Why seek the living with the dead?"

5 We did not mark the chosen few,
  When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
  Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

6 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
  And thence Thy faithful people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
  Doth shine upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And sing Thy praise, and lift our prayer.

RESIGNATION.

676 C.M.

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
  Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
  Let this petition rise!

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
  From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
  And make me live to Thee:

3 Lord, teach me to confess Thy hand
  From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
  A glimpse of Canaan know.

4 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
  My life and death attend!
Thy presence through my journey shine
  And crown my journey's end!

677

10,10,10,10.

1 "HIMSELF hath done it" all.—Oh! how those words [thought!
Should hush to silence every murmuring
Himself hath done it—He who loves me best,
He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

2 "Himself hath done it."—Can it then be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?
Not one unheeded sorrow will He send,
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

3 "Himself hath done it."—Yes, altho' severe
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

4 "Himself hath done it."—He would have me see
That broken cisterns human friends must prove;
That I may turn and quench my burning thirst
At His own fount of ever-living love.

5 "Himself hath done it."—Then I fain would say,
"Thy will in all things evermore be done";
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

6 "Himself hath done it,"—precious, precious words; [Friend;
"Himself," my Father, Saviour, Brother,
Whose faithfulness no variation knows;
Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.

7 And when, in His eternal presence blest,
I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
I'll gladly own, with all His ransomed saints,
"Himself hath done it"—all, from first to last.

678

C.M.

1 MY God! my Father! blissful name!
Oh! may I call Thee mine;
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign:
For Thou art just, and good, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to Thine!

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
Oh! let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

5 If pain or sorrow rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not Thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all Thy ways are right.

679

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 MY God! my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way;
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

680 S.M.

1 MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour! I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest:
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

681 C.M.

1 O LORD! my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway!
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

682 L.M.

1 THOUGH rough and thorny be the road
That leads us to the saints' abode;
Yet, when our Father's house we gain,
'Twill make amends for all our pain.

2 And though we feel our present grief,
In hope we find a sweet relief;
For hope anticipates the day
When all our grief shall pass away.

3 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take His weary pilgrims home?

4 Then let us walk without complaint
The thorny road, and never faint;
Though now by weariness oppressed,
The end is everlasting rest.

5 And when we gain the saints' abode,
We'll oft look back upon the road;
The calm remembrance of the past
Will sweeten the repose at last.

683

6, 6, 6, 6.

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God!
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty, or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small:
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All!

684 C.M.

1 WHEN I by faith the Saviour's death
Behold, and know Him mine,
Sweetly my rising hours advance,
And peacefully decline.

2 I cannot doubt His bounteous love,
So full, so free, so kind;
To His unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
Afflictions from His gracious hand
Are blessings in disguise.

4 Inscribed in Thy fair book of life,
Oh! may I read my name!
There let it fill some humble place,
Midst those around the Lamb.

TRUST.

685 L.M.

1 AWAKE our souls! away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But Jesus is the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From Him, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
Saviour! we'll mount to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

686 L.M.

1 BE still, my heart; these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares,
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His sacred word.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to care?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave the warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And hath He not the promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He that hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.

687 L.M.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand;
Saviour Divine! diffuse Thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

3 If Thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal joys in Thee.

688 C.M.

1 GOD is our refuge, tried and proved
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease:
The Lord His saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow:
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

689

8,7,8,7,4,7

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

690

11,11,11,11.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
You, who to the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 "In every condition; in sickness, in health,
In joy, in deep sorrow, in want or in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy day demands, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 "Fear not; I am with thee; Oh! be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

691

6,5,6,5. D.

1 JESUS! I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heavèn or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

2 Jesus! I will trust Thee, name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the Angel at Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.

3 Jesus! I will trust Thee, pond'ring o'er Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face;
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus; I will trust Thee, trust Thy written Word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet;
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus! I will trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out;"
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy Blood;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God.

692 C.M.

1 JESUS! immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine;
Around Thine all-supporting stem,
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quickened by Thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life, I from Thy life derive,
My vigour from Thy root.

3 I can do nothing without Thee,
My strength is wholly Thine;
Withered and barren I should be,
If severed from the vine.

4 The object of the Father's care,
And pruned by love divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of Thine.

5 Till Thou hast brought me to the place
Of pure immortal joy,
The riches of Thy glorious grace
Shall all my need supply.

693 C.M.

1 LORD! it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give!

2 Come, Lord! when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

694 S.M.

1 "MY times are in Thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my Guard and Guide.

5 "My times are in Thy hand,"
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

695 8,8,8,6.

1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine?
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,
Here we have found our place of rest;
Though exiles still, yet not unblest,
While we can cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to Thee.

5 Oft, when we seem to tread alone
Some dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers—"Still cling to Me."

6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

7 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave;
Because they cling to Thee!

8 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

696

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

1 O LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this, our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

697

S.M

1 PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall Thy work be done.

2 Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest in His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

3 Give to the winds Thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts Thy tears
God shall lift up Thy head.

4 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

698 C.M.

1 THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh! be that refuge mine.

2 They feed in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God! O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine.

3 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all.

4 For ever in the sacred place,
Beneath the wings divine,
A happy, peaceful heir of grace,
Oh! be this portion mine!

699 C.M. D.

1 THINE arm, O Lord! in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And, lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death!
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

700

8,5,8,5. D.

1 THOUGH the way be sometimes dreary,
Father, lead Thou me!
Though the heart be sometimes weary,
Father, lead Thou me!
Though a host encamp before me,
Fearless will I be!
With Thy banner floating o'er me,
Father, lead Thou me!

2 Through the valley dark and lonely,
Father, lead Thou me!
Give me then Thy presence only,
Father, lead Thou me!
When I hear the billows roaring,
Bid the shadows flee;
Then my fainting soul restoring,
Father, lead Thou me.

3 Sins oppose and fears alarm me:
Father, lead Thou me!
Led by Thee there's nought can harm me:
Father, lead Thou me!
By Thy mighty power surrounded,
Trusting all to Thee,
Let me never be confounded:
Father, lead Thou me!

701

10, 10, 11, 11.

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,—whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong towèr for safety we hide,
The Lord is our powèr, "The Lord will provide."

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through;
No doubt or misgiving, with Christ on our side,
In death, as while living, "The Lord will provide."

702

P.M.

1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;—
All must be well!

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, if in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well!

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,—
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow;
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well!

703

9,8,9,8.

1 TRUST in the Lord;—His grace abounding
Shall succour thee in time of need;
His mighty arm, thy foes confounding,
Shall all thy steps in safety lead.

2 Trust in the Lord—in days of sorrow,
And meekly tread the thorny way;
It may be thou wilt see to-morrow
The love that chastens thee to-day.

3 Trust in the Lord—in hours of gladness
Nor let thy heart be lifted up;
In wisely mingled joy and sadness
'Tis He that portions out thy cup,

4 Trust in the Lord—when flesh is failing,
And slowly ebbs thy faltering breath;
His grace, o'er all thy sins prevailing,
Sufficeth thee, in life and death.

704 S.M.

1 WHAT cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
"'Tis with the righteous well."

2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 Well when they see His face,
Or sink beneath the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls—
"From earth and sin arise,
And join the hosts of ransomed souls
Made to salvation wise!"

705 C.M.

1 WHEN dangers press and fears invade,
Oh! let us not rely
On man, who, in the balance weighed,
Is light as vanity!

2 Riches have wings and fly away,
Health's blooming cheeks grow pale;
Vigour and strength must soon decay,
And worldly wisdom fail.

3 But God, our God, is still the same
As at that solemn hour,
When thunders spake His awful name,
His majesty, and power.

4 And still sweet mercy's voice is heard,
Proclaiming from above,
That good and gracious is the Lord,
And all His works are love.

5 In Thee we trust, in Thee alone,
On Thee for help rely;
And lay our wants before Thy throne,
Whose love shall never die.

706

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

707

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 WHY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship.
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean;
Led by Him, the storm defy,
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

3 Though the shore, we hope to land on,
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And, with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.

4 Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last:
And with wonder
Think on storms and dangers past

5 Oh! what pleasures there await us;
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

708 C.M.

1 YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme,—
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth or hell;
God will these powers restrain,
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for His provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,—
To endless glory bring.

6 You in His wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, His power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

LOVE TO GOD.

709 C.M.

1 COME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord! teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

710 C.M.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, gracious Lord!
Is to be one with Thee.

2 The sense of Thy redeeming love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for Thee alone,
My All in All, I pray.

3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst Thou give me more.

4 Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I'd burn;
Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
I choose Thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with Thy will,
Oh! teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
Since Thou, O God! art mine.

711

7,7,7,7.

1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord:
'Tis Thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner! lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound;
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner! lov'st thou Me!"

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh! for grace to love Thee more.

712

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 JESU! my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour! when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu! my Lord, I Thee adore.
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesu! too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesu! my Lord, I Thee adore.
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesu! what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu! &c.

4 Jesu! of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour! Thou art mine.
Jesu! &c.

713 C.M.

1 JESUS, I love Thy saving name,
'Tis music to mine ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are vanity,
And gold but sordid dust.

3 All that my largest thoughts can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And, dying, glory in Thy love,
The antidote of death.

714

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee who has overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

3 Uphold me in the anxious race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might!
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, though all may frown
And thorns and briars perplex my road;
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,
Thee will I love in endless day!

715

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 THOU hidden love of God! whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

3 Oh! wean this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling sin survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thine All;"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

716

C.M.

1 WE love Thee, Lord! yet not alone,
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land:

2 'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above:

3 We love Thee, Lord! because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;

4 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

5 Because, O Lord! Thou lovèdst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die
That we might live above;

6 Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gav'st the hope of heaven;
We love because we much have sinned
And much have been forgiven.

SERVICE AND DEVOTION.

717 P.M.

1 COME, labour on! [plain?
Who dares stand idle on the harvest
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day!"

2 Come, labour on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time: its hours too swiftly fly;
The night draws nigh,

3 Come, labour on!
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come."

4 Come, labour on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak that may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our Lord fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
A joyful sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done!"

6 Come, labour on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

718 L.M.

1 GO, labour on: spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
This is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on: 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labour on: thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down:
Yet falter not: the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

4 Go, labour on while it is day;
The long dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide;
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6 Toil on, faint not: keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold I come."

719

L.M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! that this my lot may be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

720

8,7,8,7.

1 JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying "Christian, follow Me."

2 As of old His servants heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and gain, and kindred.
All things leaving for His sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys, and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us.—By Thy mercies,
Saviour! may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

721 L.M.

1 LORD! when our thoughts delighted rove
Amidst the wonders of Thy love,
The sight revives each drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2 Oppressed with guilt to Thee we fly,
On Thine atoning blood rely,
And on Thy righteousness depend,
Our Lord, our Saviour, and our Friend.

3 Be all our hearts, be all our days
Devoted to Thy single praise,
And let our glad obedience prove
How much we owe, how much we love.

722 8,8,8,8,6.

1 O LORD! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart:
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee!
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee!
On Thee, my God! on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence is in every place:
And, wheresoe'er my lot shall be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee!
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

4 Renouncing every earthly thing,
Safe 'neath the shadow of Thy wing,
My sweetest thoughts henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in Thee!
In Thee, my God! in Thee.

723 C. M.

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God! Thy will be done
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, Almighty, and all-good!
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in Thy service spent.

5 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possest;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

7 Write but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeemed above;
Then, heart and mind and strength and soul,
I'll love Thee for Thy love.

724

6,5,6,5. D.

1 SAVIOUR! blessèd Saviour! listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.
All we have we offer; all we hope to be:
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ! we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration, bending low the knee;
Thou, for our redemption, cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting are the glories there.
Where no pain, or sorrow, toil, or care is known;
Where the angel-legions circle round Thy throne.

4 Dark and ever darker was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness o'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth, every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd, love that never dies.

5 Clearer still and clearer, dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.

6 Brighter still and brighter, glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour! find a rest at last.

7 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking, till the prize is won!

8 Higher then and higher bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour! to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising praises to their King.

725 L.M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord! when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in Thee?
The fulness of Thy promise prove;
The seal of Thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven!

3 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul, that comes to Thee
With only sin and misery!

4 Lord, I am blind—be Thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak—be Thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in Thee!

726

L.M.

1 WHERE'ER the patriarch pitched his tent,
He built an altar to his God;
And sanctified, where'er he went,
With faith and prayer, the ground he trod.

2 Through all the east for riches famed,
Heaven's gifts, he sets his heart on none;
Nor when the dearest was reclaimed,
Withheld his son, his only son.

3 Wherefore in blessing he was blest;
Friendless, the friend of God became!
Long wandering, everywhere found rest;
Long childless, nations bear his name.

4 Nor nations born of blood alone,—
The father of the faithful he;
Where'er his promised seed is known,
Faith's heirs are his posterity.

5 My God! if called, like him, to roam,
Glad may I all for Thee forsake!
My God! what Thou hast made my home,
Let me Thy sanctuary make!

6 Thy love, Thy law, be my delight,
Whate'er I do, or think, or am;
Walking by faith, and not by sight,
Like a true child of Abraham!

727

7, 6, 7, 5. D.

1 WORK, for the night is coming!
Work, through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs:
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, for the Master cometh,
Never to leave us more;
Work, till the Lord proclaimeth,
"Rest, your work is o'er."

728 S.M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh! happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

HOLINESS.

729 C.M.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, at His Father's hand He sits,
Enthroned divinely fair;
Yet owns Himself our brother still,
And our forerunner there.

3 Oh! that our souls from earth could rise,
On wings of faith and love!
Above, our choicest treasure lies;
Lord! set our hearts above.

730 L.M.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
And hunger after righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

6 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the fire of growing strife:
They tread the paths their Saviour trod,
And shall be called the sons of God.

7 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

731 C.M.

1 LORD, as we put our trust in Thee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh! may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

732

L.M.

1 MY blest Redeemer! and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern, make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

733

L.M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 The gospel bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

734

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

1 TRUE faith in holy life will shine;
The soul that looks above,
And more would learn of things divine,
Must daily grow in love;
For faith not only brings us light,
But strength to love and do the right.

2 Christ Jesus hath atoned for sin;
No condemnation now;
And they who feel such hope within,
No evil will allow;
But bravely, like their Lord, endure,
And purely live, as Christ was pure.

3 They only please the Father well,
Who study to obey;
In them, O God! Thy love doth dwell,
Who keep Thy perfect way;
Love strong and stedfast unto death;
This is the fruit and test of faith.

4 He dwells in God and God in him,
Who still abides in love;
And soon with saints and seraphim
Shall sing and praise above;
But lawless life and loveless heart
In God and Jesus have no part.

PEACE.

735

C.M

1 A MIND at "perfect peace with God;"
Oh! what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood—
This, this indeed is peace.

2 By nature and by practice far—
How very far—from God;
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the Person of His Son
I am as near as He.

4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son—
Such is His love for me.

5 Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me, I am Thine,

736 P.M.

1 ARE your souls the Saviour seeking?
Peace, peace—be still:
'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking,
Peace, peace—be still;
For before the world's foundation
God secured a full salvation,
Happy people—chosen nation!
Peace, peace—be still.

2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,
Peace, peace—be still:
The destroyer sees the token:
Peace, peace—be still.
In the word of God confiding,
Still in Christ for refuge hiding,
We have found a rest abiding;
Peace, peace—be still.

3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,
  Peace, peace—be still;
Whatsoe'er your spirit dreadeth,
  Peace, peace—be still;
Though with mighty foes engaging,
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercly raging,
  Peace, peace—be still.

4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
  Peace, peace—be still.
He shall hush its wild commotion,
  Peace, peace—be still.
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and crying;
Till that hour, on God relying,
  Peace, peace—be still.

737 C.M.

1 CALM me, my God! and keep me calm;
  While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
  Upon earth's fevered brow.

2 Calm me, my God! and keep me calm,
  Left resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
  And bid my spirit rest.

3 Calm me, my God! and keep me calm;
  Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
  Beside her desert spring.

4 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
  The sounds my ear that greet·
Calm in the closet's solitude,
  Calm in the bustling street;

5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;

6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

7 Calm as the ray of sun and star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

738 10,10,10,10,10,10.

1 LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who lifts His voice, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2 The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
Him for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come : I take, or I resign ;
Content, while I am His, and He is mine.

3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen;
A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

4 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

739

8,8,8,4.

1 MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave!

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven!

4 Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

5 Hushed is each doubt; removed each fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away!

740

10,10.

1 PEACE! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus give us heavèn's perfect peace.

741 8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus! in Thy Name.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus! my all in all Thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.

JOY.

742 S.M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne!

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

743 C.M.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail—
Unspeakable, Divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind!

744 C.M.

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows that He is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word:
Mount up with joy the shining way,
That leads me to my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

745

8,7,8,7. D.

1 MY life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet though far-off hymn,
That hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am His—
How can I keep from singing?

746

C.M.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown;

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

747 P.M.

1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave.
How vain was their boasting; the Lord hath but spoken, [wave.
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
Sound, &c.

2 Praise to the Conquèror, praise to the Lord;
His word was our arrow—His breath was our sword;
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
The Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory, [tide.
All, all her brave thousands are dashed in the
Sound, &c.

3 Sound the high praises of Jesus our King,
He came and He conquered; His victory sing;
Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,
The triumph's complete over death and the grave.
How vain is their boasting, Jehovah hath spoken;
And Jesus proclaimed Himself mighty to save.
Sound, &c.

4 Praise to the Conquèror, praise to the Lord,
The enemy quailed at the might of His word;
Heaven He regains and unfolds the glad story,
The last of the blessèd exult in His fame.
In love He looks down from the throne of His glory,
And rescues the ruined who trust in His name
Sound, &c.

CLOSING HYMNS.

748 7,7,7,7.

1 CHRISTIAN brethren! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
One glad hymn to God shall raise,
One high song of grateful praise.

2 Here we all may meet no more;
But there is a happier shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
Brethren! we shall meet again.

3 Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints! the song again;
Gladly join the loud Amen.

749

L.M

1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon Thy word:
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

750

5,5,8,8,5,5.

1 JESUS! still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe,
To our home we go!

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord! increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more!

4 Jesus! still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
Heavenly Father! still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

751

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

752

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 LORD! ere we leave Thy hallowed courts, impart
Thy heavenly blessing to each Christian's heart:
Plant in our souls the fruits of faith and love,
And lead us onward to Thy courts above.

2 We praise Thy name for every Sabbath given;
Praise for the means that guide our steps to heaven;
We praise the Lord who died our souls to save;
The glorious Saviour risen from the grave.

3 Praise for the heavenly truths our ears have heard;
Oh! may our souls retain the living word:
The seed now sown within our hearts increase,
And bid us, when we go, depart in peace.

4 Then, when our earthly Sabbaths, Lord! are gone,
When life is ended, and life's labour done,
Oh! may we enter on Thy heavenly rest!
And spend eternal Sabbaths with the blest.

753

8,7,8,7.

1 MAY the Grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

754

7,7,7,7.

1 NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep—
Jesus Christ, our King and Head—
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To our great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgiving to our God!

755

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 O SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

3 Grant us, good Lord! from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, &c.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty;
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh! let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Saviour, and our all!
Through life's long day, &c.

756

6,6,6,6. D.

1 ONCE more before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name!
Let every tongue and heart
Praise and adore the same!

Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end,
Praise Him for evermore!

3 Still on Thy holy word
We'd live, and feed, and grow;
Go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know!
Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end,
Praise Him for evermore!

757

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord! bestow;
The power is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

2 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

758

10,10,10,10.

1 SAVIOUR! again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord! through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife:
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord! to Thine eternal peace.

759

8,7,7,7,8,7

SOME sweet savour of Thy favour,
Shed abroad in every heart,
Heavenward as to Thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below;
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, gracious Lord! depart.

760

8,7,8,8,7,7,7,7,7.

1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all resplendent,
In Thy glory all transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing,
Coming! In the opening East
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest!
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee,
All our hearts could never say.
What an anthem that will be!
Ringing out our love for Thee;
Pouring out our rapture sweet,
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion, clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great;
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 Oh! the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end,
Glorified, adored, and owned!

761

7,6,7,6.

1 ALL glory, praise, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring:

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One. All glory, &c.

3 The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply. All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present. All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise. All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King. All glory, &c.

762

7,6,7,6.

1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

4 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky:

5 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

6 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

7 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well.

763

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 ALL things the mighty Lord
Created by His word;
And all His creatures are,
From worm to brightest star;
His wonders none can imitate,
Or out of nothing can create.

2 Were angels to unite
Their heavenly skill and might,
How vainly they would try
To make one little fly!
For life they never could bestow,
Nor make the meanest flower to grow.

3 Angels so fair and strong
Unto the Lord belong;
From Him their beauty came;
'Tis He sustains their frame;
They could not live one single hour,
Unless supported by His power.

4 And this the Angels know;
Around God's throne they bow,
And humbly they confess
Their own unworthiness;
And still the King of kings admire
And praise Him with their tongues of fire.

5 Far lower should I lie
Before the Lord most high;
For how can I compare
With Angels strong and fair!
I who am made of sinful clay,
And like the grass shall fade away.

764 C.M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift;
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom: Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live!
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

5 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days;
The old be guided by Thy truth,
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

765 L.M.

1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?
Yes! God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No: for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

4 Where may I flee? He shows me where;
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

766 8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 AND is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's belovèd Son?
That Jesus Christ with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?

2 May I, a little straying lamb,
Come now to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none?
May I be folded to His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His little one?

3 Yes, He can do all this for me,
Who died for sinners on the tree,
In His great grief alone;
For, having put their sins away,
He now rejoices day by day
To cleanse the little one.

4 Others there are who love me too:
But who with all their love could do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then, if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
Lord! keep Thy little one.

5 Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His
Who loves the little one.

767 P.M.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God
on high.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
Singing, &c.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing, &c.

768

8,8,8,8,8,8.

1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple; God its light:
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful crowns on every brow:
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

3 Beautiful throne for Christ our King;
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home, all perfect peace:
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

769

C.M.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O Thou! whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine:
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine:

5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

770

7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children too of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark! while, &c.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! while, &c.

4 We who sing His praise below,
All the joys of heaven may know:
Let us seek to perfect there
Songs of praise we practise here.
Hark! while, &c.

771

7,7,7,7.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock! and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

772

7,7,7,7.

1 CHILDREN! think on Jesu's love,
Who He was, and what He bore:
He was one with God above,
Full of wisdom, grace, and power.

2 Think of all His love to man,
When He left His throne on high,
And contrived the wondrous plan
So to suffer, bleed, and die.

3 See He hangs upon the cross,
Crowned with thorns and bathed in blood;
Children! this for you He bears;
'Tis to bring your souls to God!

4 Let then all your future breath
Rise to Him in praise and love;
Pray, that through His pains and death,
You may reach His throne above.

773 L.M.

1 COME, children! learn your God to praise!
The mighty God who reigns above:
To Him your tuneful voices raise,
To Him devote your early love.

2 Praise Him who looked from heaven and saw
Not one who trod the narrow way:
All had transgressed His holy law,
And all, like sheep, had gone astray.

3 But He, to make His mercy known,
To show the riches of His grace,
Gave up His well-belovèd Son
To die and save the rebel race.

4 Praise Him on whom the curse was laid,
Who left for you His bright abode,
And suffered in the sinner's stead,
To satisfy a holy God.

5 Praise Him who breaks the heart of stone,
And melts the eye in holy tears;
The Spirit sanctifies His own,
He bows their knees, inspires their prayers.

6 Praise God below, Him serve and love,
And Him, with all the heavenly host,
Hereafter you shall praise above,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

774

P.M.

1 COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He has shown us the way
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"
Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free:
And we shall gather, Saviour! with Thee,
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.
Joyful, &c.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest command, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children! come?"
Joyful, &c.

775

S.M. D.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose conquering arm those trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
The Saviour long foretold,
The Branch of Jesse's stem,
The eternal Shepherd of His fold,
The Babe of Bethlehem!

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die!

4 Crown Him the Lord of Might,
The King of kings alone,
Maker of all, serene and bright,
On His eternal Throne;
On the broad sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Throne,—the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves!

776

6,5,6,5,

1 DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

3 There's a wicked spirit
Walking round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

4 But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

5 For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly
And forsake his ways.

6 Ye are Christian soldiers;
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad inside you,
And to do the right.

7 Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

777

7.7.7.7.

1 GENTLE Jesus! meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord! forbid it not;
Give me, gracious Lord! a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

4 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

5 Loving Jesus! gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour!, what Thou art!
Live Thyself within my heart.

778

8, 8.

1 GIVE thy young heart to Christ, my child,
For He is lowly, kind, and mild.

2 Give thy young heart to Christ who came
To bear thy sorrow, sin, and shame.

3 Give thy young heart to Christ who died,
Thy peace and pardon to provide.

4 Give thy young heart to Christ above,
Who pleads for those He deigns to love.

5 Give thy young heart to Christ alone,
And let not sin usurp His throne.

6 Give thy young heart to Christ this day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Lord! take this sinful heart of mine,
Cleanse it and make it wholly thine;

8 Mould it in all its powers afresh,
And turn the heart of stone to flesh.

779

7,7,7,7.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live,
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain!

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost!
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire!

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love!"

780

7,6,7,6. D.

1 GO, when the morning shineth;
Go, when the noon is bright
Go, when the eve declineth;
Go, in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly cares away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis here denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent pleading
Of thy heart raised above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who's mercy, truth, and love.

4 Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare;
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.

781

8,7,8,7.

1 GOD Almighty heareth ever
When His little children pray;
He is faint and weary never,
And He turneth none away.

2 More than we deserve He sends us,
More than we can ask bestows;
Every moment He befriends us,
And supports us in our woes.

3 Let us, then, in Him confiding,
Tell Him all we think and feel;
Never one dark secret hiding,
Seeking nothing to conceal.

4 Through His Son, our precious Saviour,
God will pardon all our sin,
Will forgive our past behaviour,
Open heaven and take us in.

782

C.M.

1 GOD is in heavèn!—Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, thoughtful child! thou need'st not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

2 God is in heavèn!—Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can: He looks at thee
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heavèn!—Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though thou saidst it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heavèn!—Does He care
Or is He good to me?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in heavèn!—Can I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet, but love Him here below,
And He will take thee there.

God is in heavèn!—May I pray!
To go there when I die?
Yes, love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call thee to the sky.

783

7,7,7,7.

1 GOD of mercy! throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, oh! hear our feeble cry;
Guide, oh! guide our wandering feet!

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus! lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Saviour! give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll.

784

L.M.

1 GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are passed,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

785

6, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

1 HAPPY, happy Sunday!
Thou day of peace and heaven,
"'Tis fit we should give one day
To God who gives us seven.
Though other days bring sadness,
Thou bidst us cease to mourn:
Then hail, thou day of gladness,
We welcome thy return.

2 Happy, happy Sunday!
We will not toil to-day,
But leave till busy Monday
Our work, our toys, our play.
Thy face is ever smiling,
Thou fairest of the seven;
They only speak of toiling,
But thou of rest and heaven.

3 Happy, happy Sunday!
The bell e'en seems to speak,
"Give thy Creator one day,
Who gives thee all the week."
We'll leave our daily labour
To pay our homage there,
And seek with friend and neighbour
The open house of prayer.

4 Happy, happy Sunday!
Thy holy hours we prize,
For thou art heavèn's own day,
The emblem of the skies.
May we, O Lord, inherit
That rest when life is o'er,
And with each perfect spirit
Adore Thee evermore.

786 P.M.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And join with saints above.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

3 Little children will be there
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every Sunday school.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

4 Teachers, too, will meet above;
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

5 Oh! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c

6 There we all shall sing for joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh! that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

787 C.M.

1 HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's son and Lord;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast
Thy name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

6 O Saviour! if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

788

C.M.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty!

2 How great His pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.

3 Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

789

7,6,7,6. D.

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which God's own Word doth tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised,
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

790

S.M.

1 I OFTEN say my pray'rs;
But do I ever pray;
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

2 I may as well kneel down,
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

3 For words without the heart,
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend,
Whose prayers are not sincere.

4 Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

791

P.M.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men;
How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
A beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Ne'er heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest,

792

7, 6, 8, 6.

1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one mark'd an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To anyone unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to me:"
I would obey the call.

6 But oh! I 'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

793

7,6,7,6. R

1 I WISH I could see Jesus,
And look into His face,
Behold myself His beauty,
His loveliness and grace.
Oh! if I could but hear Him,
Just as He spoke to men,
I'm sure I should believe Him,
Ah, yes, and love Him then.

2 But now He is so distant,
So very far away,
How can He ever hear me,
When I attempt to pray?
Or if He heeds my askings,
How can He answers send?
And how can one that's absent
My guardian be, and friend?

3 O Thou ascended Saviour,
Reveal Thyself to me,
I long, I long to know Thee,
I yearn Thy face to see;
To clasp my arms about Thee,
And on Thy bosom lean;
Oh! if I could be near Thee,
I know I'd never sin

4 Dear child, thy loving Saviour
Though now by thee unseen,
Lives and is ever near thee,
To save thy soul from sin.
Receive the Gospel message,
Believe His written word,
And soon thine eyes shall open,
To see thy blessèd Lord.

794

6,5,6,5,11,11.

1 IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad,
He will give me pleasure,
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be;
He is gently calling little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer,
For He loves me dearly,
He my sins did bear.
If I come to Jesus, &c.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
If I come to Jesus, &c.

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour,
In this world so bright.
If I come to Jesus, &c.

795

7,6,7,6. D.

1 IN life's unclouded morning,
When all is bright around,
When fairest hopes are dawning,
And joy's sweet flowers abound,

I press the green sward lightly
  Along my pilgrim way,
Clasping the hand so tightly,
  Which leads me day by day.

2 Sometimes the path is winding,
  Sometimes it's very steep;
Sometimes I'm tired of minding
  Which track I ought to keep;
Sometimes the road is lonely,
  Or foes are near my side;
But I am safe if only
  I listen to my Guide.

3 Whene'er I feel affrighted,
  He soothes my wild alarms,
And folds me when benighted,
  Within His loving arms;
In hours of thirst He leads me
  Where cooling water flows,
And in green pastures feeds me,
  And gives me sweet repose.

4 I travel on with gladness,
  With such a tender Guide;
What cause have I for sadness
  While He is at my side?
He ever watches o'er me,
  As through the world I roam;
And all looks bright before me,
  For I am going home.

5 Home, home, sweet home! no sorrow,
  Nor sin can enter there;
No partings on the morrow,
  No gathering clouds of care;
Lord Jesus! never leave me,
  Preserve me by Thy love;
And at the last receive me
  To that sweet home above.

796

7,7,7,6.

1 JESU! from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye;
Hear us, holy Jesu!

2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear;
Hear us, holy Jesu!

3 Little lambs may come to Thee;
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be;
Hear us, holy Jesu!

4 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, holy Jesu!

5 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, holy Jesu!

6 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, holy Jesu!

7 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, holy Jesu!

8 May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord! like Thee;
Hear us, holy Jesu!

9 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, holy Jesu!

10 Jesu! whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, holy Jesu!

797

8,7,8,7.

1 JESU, tender Shepherd! hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgivèn,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heavèn,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

798

8,7,8,7.

1 JESUS! hear a child's petition,
When I humbly pray to Thee;
Pity my forlorn condition,
Jesus! Saviour! pity me.

2 I was born to Thee a stranger,
Lost in sin and misery;
Of eternal wrath in danger,
Jesus! Saviour! pity me.

3 Save my soul from all temptation,
Pride and folly from me free;
Grant, oh! grant me Thy salvation,
Jesus! Saviour! pity me.

4 When Thou wast on earth abasèd,
Little children came to Thee:
Now Thou art to heaven raisèd,
Jesus! Saviour! pity me.

5 Wilt Thou hear my supplication,
Jesus! wilt Thou pity me?
Then the praise of my salvation
I will ever give to Thee.

799

6,5,6,5.

1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Infant praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heav'n's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray:
Saviour, guide and keep us,
In the heav'nly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away:

5 Then when Jesus calls us
To our heav'nly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

800

6,5,6,5, D.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear:
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd: well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice;
Even when it chideth, tender is its tone,
None but He shall guide us: we are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith He,
"are mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful [gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

5 Jesus is our Shepherd; with His goodness now,
And His tender mercy, He doth us endow.
Let us sing His praises, with a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to part.

801 P.M.

1 JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heavèn's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves, &c.

3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves, &c.

802 L.M.

1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

3 And more than that He told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listen'd to a child.

4 But such a cruel death He died,
He was hung up and crucified:
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nail'd them to a cross of wood.

5 And so He died: and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
The Bible says He came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin;
So out of pity Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

7 Now God will pardon those who pray,
And strive from sin to turn away;
Oh! may we early seek His face,
And share the riches of His grace.

803

P.M.

1 LEAD me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus;
Help me to love Him, help me to pray:
He is my Saviour; I would believe Him,
I would be like Him, show me the way.
Quickly haste and come where happy children meet,
Hither come and rest thy little weary feet;
Turn from thy pleasures, turn from thy play,
Come to the Saviour, come away.

2 Lead me to Jesus, He will receive me,
He is so loving, gentle, and mild;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome:
Surely He calls me—I am a child.
Quickly haste, &c.

3 Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy:
Is there a fountain flowing so free?
All who are willing drink of its waters—
Say, is that fountain flowing for me?
Quickly haste, &c.

4 Lord, I am coming. Jesus, my Saviour,
Pity my weakness; make me Thy child.
I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee,
I would be like Thee—gentle and mild.
Quickly haste, &c.

804

6,5,6,5.

1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

3 Little deeds of kindness,
  Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
  Like the heaven above.

4 So our little errors
  Lead the soul astray
From the path of virtue
  Into sin to stray.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
  Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
  Far in heathen lands.

6 Little ones in glory
  Swell the angels' song;
Make us meet, dear Saviour,
  For their holy throng.

805

7,7,7,7. D.

1 LITTLE travellers Zion-ward,
  Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by;
There together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

806 L.M.

1 LORD! how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
No pleasures can the world display
To tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh, write upon my memory, Lord!
The texts and doctrines of Thy word;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things Divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

807 C.M.

1 LORD, teach a little child to pray
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

A sinful creature I was born;
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His Kingdom reign.

4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek His face,
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

808 11,11,11,11,11,11.

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see, his banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

2 At the name of Jesus Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:
Brothers, lift your voices; loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;
Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

809

8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd, lead us,
Only safe beneath Thy care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear Thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us ever turn to Thee!

4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

810

8,7,8,7.

1 SAVIOUR! who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.

2 Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm!

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace!

811

C.M.

1 THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesu, near Thy side.

3 Oh! make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

812

8,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky:
For those who love the Saviour,
And Abba Father cry.
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved Him here below.

5 There's a song for little children
  Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
  Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
  Can never, never sing.
They know not Christ as Saviour,
  But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children
  Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
  A palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
  And found in Christ alone;
Oh! come, dear little children,
  That all may be your own.

813 P.M.

1 THERE is a happy land,
  Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day;
Oh! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
  Loud let His praises ring,
  Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
  Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
  Why still delay?
Oh! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
  Lord, we shall live with Thee,
  Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

814 C.M.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through the world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.

3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For yonthful travellers spread.

4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

6 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust His word of old;
"The lambs He'll gather with His arm,
And lead them to the fold."

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

815

9 9 9.9.

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Saviour Himself points the way,
And prepares us a dwelling-place there.

2 We may sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest;
Where the ransomed will sorrow no more,
Nor once sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
Let us offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

816

C.M.

1 THOU guardian of our youthful days,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus, the Children's friend!

2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend:
Oh! save our souls from sin and woe;
Thou art the Children's friend!

3 Teach us to prize Thy holy word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's friend!

4 Oh! may we feel a Saviour's love,
To Him our souls commend,
Who left His glorious throne above,
To be the Children's friend!

5 Lord, fix our youthful hearts on high,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With Thee, the Children's friend!

817

7,6,7,6 D.

1 'TWAS God that made the ocean
And laid its sandy bed;
He gave the stars their motion,
And built the mountain's head
He made the rolling thunder,
The lightning's forkèd flame:
His works are full of wonder,
All glorious is His name.

2 And must it not surprise us
That one so high and great
Should see and not despise us,
Poor sinners, at His feet?
Yet day by day He gives us
Our raiment and our food;
In sickness He relieves us,
And is in all things good.

3 But things that are far greater
His mighty hand hath done;
He sent us blessings sweeter
Through Christ His only Son:
Who, when He saw us dying
In sin and sorrow's night,
On wings of mercy flying,
Came down with life and light.

4 He gives His word to teach us
Our danger and our wants;
And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants.
His Holy Spirit frees us
From Satan's deadly powers;
Leads us by faith to Jesus,
And makes His glory ours.

818

Twelve lines, 8, 7.

1 WE shall sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious dawn!
We shall meet to part—no, never,
On the resurrection morn!
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.
We shall sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious dawn!
We shall meet to part—no, never,
On the resurrection morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.
We shall sleep, but not for ever
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessèd be the Lord that taketh,
Blessèd be the Lord that gave!

819

8,8,8,8

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what will it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what will it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do Thou, Lord! midst pleasure or woe,
For heavèn our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

820

8,7,8,7.

1 WHAT a strange and wondrous story,
From the Book of God is read!
How the Lord of Life and glory,
Had not where to lay His head.

2 How He left His throne in heavèn,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgivèn,
And ascend to God on high.

3 Father! let Thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where He reigns above.

4 There with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of His name.

821 7,6,7,6, D., with Refrain.

1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song;
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus, our King.

822 6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke
How much did he rejoice!
O blessèd happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
  And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be!
  Oh! how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does He never speak?
  Oh! yes; for in His word
He bids me come and seek
  The God that Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath His care
  May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there
  To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel let me say,
  Whene'er I read Thy word,—
Speak, Lord, I would obey
  The voice that I have heard.
And when I in Thy house appear,
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear

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